

Rolling Stone

A full-page portrait of Justin Bieber, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He has short, dark, wavy hair and is wearing a white ribbed tank top and a thin chain necklace. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with vertical wooden slats.

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MYSTERIES OF BATMAN

BY JONATHAN
LETHEM

PLUS: THE MAKING OF
'THE DARK KNIGHT RISES'

THE RETURN OF 'BREAKING BAD'

BRUCE
SPRINGSTEEN

STEVEN TYLER

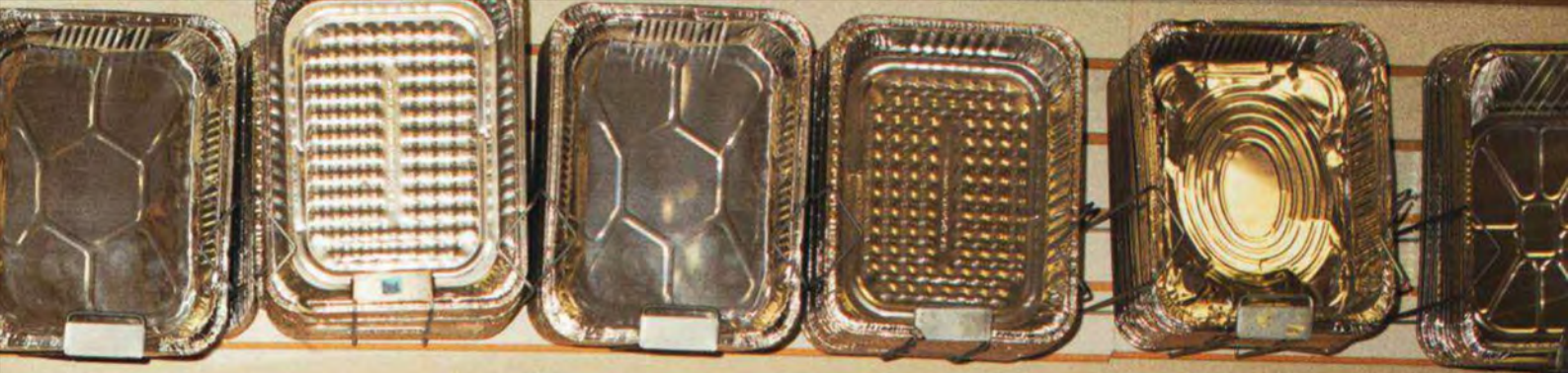
GLOBAL WARMING'S TERRIFYING NEW MATH

BY BILL MCKIBBEN

JUSTIN BIEBER
HOT
READY
LEGAL



SHOES ARE
WEAR SN



THE BORING FAKERS





ON NEWSSTANDS NOW

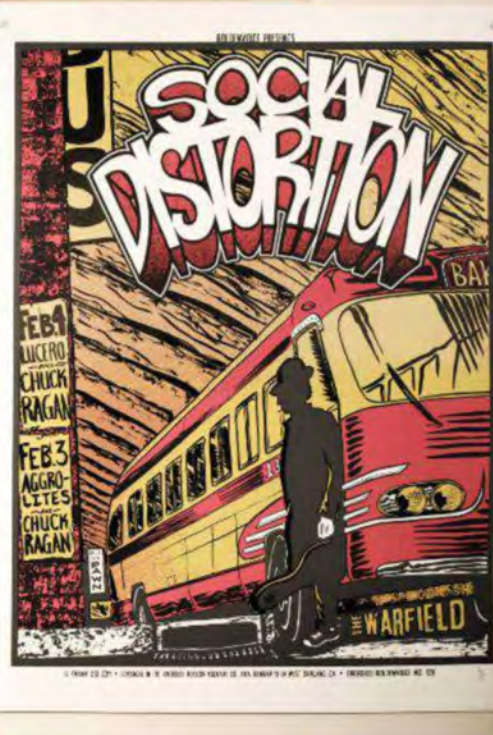
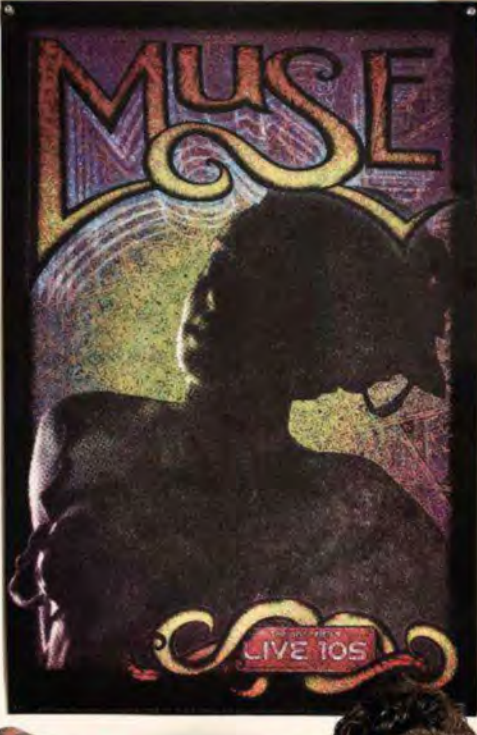
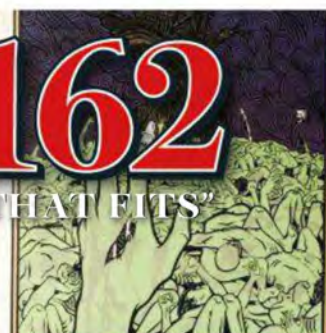
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RS1162

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The Rebel Olympian

Anthony Ervin was once the fastest swimmer on the planet - winning a gold medal in 2000. Then he quit swimming and took a decade-long walk on the wild side. Now he's making a comeback at the London Games and trying to regain his title. Read our exclusive story on page 44.

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ON THE COVER Justin Bieber photographed in Malibu on June 28th, 2012, by **Mark Seliger**.

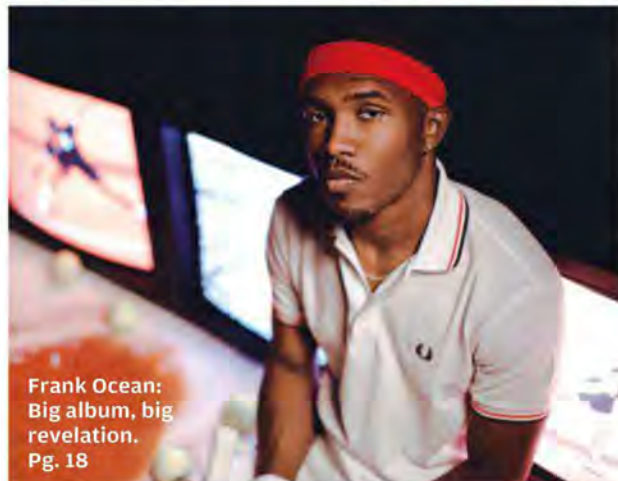
Styling by Mel Ottenberg at Total Management. Grooming by Vanessa Price at the Rex Agency. Tank top by Fruit of the Loom.



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The Best Albums of the Year So Far...

A look at the 40 greatest LPs we've heard in 2012 - from Jack White to Bruce to Best Coast and beyond.



Take Cover

YouTube is full of fans covering hits like Katy Perry's "Wide Awake" and Nicki Minaj's "Beez in the Trap." Check out our picks for the best videos of the bunch.



PREMIERE



The Chilis Get Heavy

Watch the funeral-themed video for Red Hot Chili Peppers' "Brendan's Death Song."

PLAYLIST



Maroon 5's Summer Jams

Adam Levine and his bandmates pick their favorite summer songs, including Coldplay's "Fix You," Cee Lo's "Fuck You" and more.

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THE KNOCKS AND MORE TO BE ANNOUNCED...



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Correspondence

{ Love Letters & Advice }



Chuck Amok

GREAT ARTICLE ON HOLLYWOOD madman Charlie Sheen ["Still Crazy After All These Years," RS 1159]. Erik Hede-gaard weaved together all the lines of this monumental story into an enlightening and highly entertaining piece. Also, give credit to Charlie's long-suffering father, Martin Sheen, for the insight of a loving parent.

Zoo Cain, Portland, ME

THE COVER OF CHARLIE Sheen? Fucking fabulous.

Randi Nicolau, Placerville, CA

MOST OF US KNOW SOMEONE like Sheen. Good guy, good heart, but like the friend who needs a ride on Saturday morning to find his car. I always pulled for Charlie, his spoiled-Hollywood-brat persona notwithstanding. That was until I realized he's a Yankees fan. He's dead to me now.

Al Carlton, via the Internet

EXCELLENT CHARLIE SHEEN cover story. I think it understood Sheen better than he understands himself! It amazes me that even when defending his sanity, he still sounds insane.

Kyle Driscoll, via the Internet

SHEEN ON THE COVER — really? He represents the worst of our wacko celebrity culture. I feel bad for his family, but

mostly I'm tired of seeing his atrocious behavior validated.

Charlie Ridgell, via the Internet

I'M A HAPPILY MARRIED 55-year-old man. I know it's bad: Like a blind moth being pulled toward the light, I want to be Charlie Sheen for just one weekend. God forgive me, because my wife never would.

Pete Martin, Montreal

Dear John

AFTER BEING TRIED IN THE court of public opinion and found guilty of narcissism, insensitivity and windbagery, it took courage for John Mayer to return to the scene of the crime and sit down with ROLLING STONE ["John Mayer's Regrets," RS 1159]. Kudos to him. It's clear he's grown his soul as well as his craft during his sabbatical and created an album full of marvelous music.

Linda Grant, Bristow, OK

OH, DEAR, POOR LITTLE John Mayer got his feelings hurt? Sounds like karma to me, dude. Taylor Swift can hurt my feelings anytime.

Mark Johannes, Landers, CA

I'D LIKE TO APPLAUD JOHN Mayer's brutal honesty in Josh Eells' piece. I've always been a fan. I hope Mayer will still showcase his fun side from time to time — but obviously with a little restraint.

MacKenzie Ring
Thousand Oaks, CA

Pawn of War

I WAS READY TO BLAST SGT. Bowe Bergdahl as a deserter ["The Last American Prisoner of War," RS 1159]. But I was also disturbed by the Army's lack of support, and also by Republican politicians who aren't willing to do whatever they can to secure Bowe's release. After 10 years, it's clear

we have no idea what we're doing in Afghanistan.

Thomas Lawson
Hatboro, PA

MICHAEL HASTINGS' STORY illustrates the absolute absurdity and futility of the war in Afghanistan. We could achieve the same result with a lot less destruction if we just piled up a few million dollars every day on the lawn of the Pentagon and set it on fire. I hope for the safe return of Bowe Bergdahl and an end to our wasteful engagement in that country.

Ned Chilton, Manning, SC

One More Wave

THIS LIFELONG BEACH BOYS fan commends Jason Fine for his excellent article on the band's fragile reunion ["The Beach Boys' Last Wave," RS 1159]. Fine masterfully blends the rich and contentious history with a sense of where the Beach Boys are today.

Michael Macchi
Bethel, CT

WONDERFUL PIECE ABOUT the Beach Boys, but it's disconcerting to read that Brian Wilson and Mike Love still argue over set lists.

Jayne Fink
San Dimas, CA

THANKS FOR A SOMEWHAT depressing view of the Beach Boys' anniversary tour. Unfortunately, after 50 years of touring together, one thing is clear: They learned how to show up on time, but they never learned how to forgive each other.

Michael Part, Los Angeles

I'VE BEEN AN AVID RS READER since the beginning and wanted you to know how enjoyable the Beach Boys reunion article and the Charlie Sheen story were. Thanks for an amazing issue and so many years of insight.

Charlie Martina, Rome, NY

Goodbye, Old Friend

Jan Hodenfield

1938-2012

WE NOTE WITH sadness the death of Jan Hodenfield in New York on June 21st at age 74. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, Hodenfield was RS's New York bureau chief, and then headed our London office. In 1969, he filed the magazine's first dispatches from Woodstock. A gifted stylist, he wrote a front-page story that captured the festival's ecstasy and signaled its broader importance: "With a joyous three-day shriek, the inheritors of the earth came to life in an alfalfa field outside the village of Bethel, New



York, slapping the spark of life into the newborn that was American rock & roll music." Among the many stories he filed were profiles of Eric Clapton, Dr. John, and Delaney and Bonnie. He also reported on the 1970 Isle of Wight Festival. Jan was the son of a legendary *Stars and Stripes* World War II correspondent, and he is survived by his children, Hallie and Tor; their mother, Lynn; and his brothers Tim, Chris (also a longtime RS contributor) and K.C. He will be sorely missed.

JANN S. WENNER

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Rock & Roll



PROVE IT
ALL NIGHT
Springsteen
in Paris

E Street Band Storm Europe Before U.S. Tour

After marathon shows from Madrid to Milan, Springsteen heads home
By Andy Greene

CONTRARY TO WIDESPREAD belief, Bruce Springsteen has never actually played a four-hour concert. But on June 17th, at a soccer stadium in Madrid, he came close – missing the four-hour mark by just 12 minutes, on a night that saw 60,000

fans screaming at the top of their lungs as the E Street Band tore through revved-up renditions of “Because the Night” and “Working on the Highway,” plus a stadiumwide singalong of “Hungry Heart” as Springsteen dashed through the audience. “We’re not looking at the clock,” says guitarist Steve Van Zandt. “During shows, we’re transported to another time zone entirely and have no sense of how long we’re doing it. We’re

going to test our own limits whenever possible.”

Four decades into their touring career, Springsteen and the E Street Band have been pushing themselves harder than ever at this summer’s European dates. Unusually rainy weather has led to multiple shows where Springsteen seemed to pick up more energy the more soaked he got, including in San Sebastian, Spain, and Florence. As always, Spring- [Cont. on 17]

Inside Mumford & Sons’ Return

Folk-rock stars go bigger than ever on follow-up LP, ‘Babel’
By Patrick Doyle

SINCE RELEASING their sleeper-hit debut LP, *Sigh No More*, in 2009, Mumford & Sons have barely stopped touring – circling the globe multiple times in three years. “It’s been tough,” says bassist Ted Dwane. “We’re all in relationships in London, and it’s hard to be away from our families. But for us, this is an absolute dream come true.” And the folk rockers are heading right into the next phase: Their second LP, *Babel*, hits stores on September 25th, and this summer they launch their biggest tour yet.

Mumford & Sons wrote the majority of the LP on their tour bus and during soundchecks over the past two years. “The road has rubbed off into the album,” Dwane says. “It’s full of aliveness.” While they knocked out their first album in just five weeks, they’ve spent a full year and a half recording the follow-up, mostly due to their busy touring schedule. *Sigh No More* producer Markus Dravs (who has also worked with Coldplay and Arcade Fire) returned for the sessions, joining the band at four different studios throughout its native England. “Being away so much for the last couple of years is inevitably a theme on [Cont. on 17]

IN THE STUDIO



PARTY ANIMAL
Ke\$ha in Nashville

Massive Beats, Wild Nights and Crazy Tattoos: Ke\$ha Rocks Out

T. Rex, Iggy Pop, Neil Young inspire the pop star's second full-length

KESHA WALKS INTO DR. Luke's home studio in Malibu carrying a Siamese kitten. She flips down her lower lip to reveal her latest tattoo – it says SUCK IT! – and tells the producer that a Russian man thrust the kitten upon her at a low-rent strip club where she went after a photo shoot for her second full-length album, due out later this year. There was only one stripper on duty, she says, and the manager asked her if she wanted to get onstage herself. Dr. Luke considers this story: “Are you sure it wasn’t someone’s house?”

Ke\$ha and Dr. Luke have been working since the spring on the follow-up to her platinum 2010 debut, *Animal*, and the same year's *Cannibal* EP. “I want it to be a mix of what works on the radio and what I listen to in my spare time,” she says. “I’m on a steady diet of T. Rex and Iggy Pop.”

To demonstrate, Dr. Luke cues up a new song called “Die Young.” Over a huge electro-synth beat, Ke\$ha sings, “I hear your heart beat to the beat of the drums.... Oh, what a shame that you came here with some-

one.” Ke\$ha nods happily as she listens, the kitten sleeping at her feet. “That sounds fucking good,” she decides.

Dr. Luke cues up a few more of the 17 incomplete songs they have so far – all stomping, ultracatchy dance tracks. “Supernatural” was inspired by a road trip that Ke\$ha says included a sensual experience with a ghost. “Last Goodbye,” influenced by Neil Young’s 1974 tune “For the Turnstiles,” features the lyric “When I was broke, you bought me shoes.”

Potential guests on the disc include the Flaming Lips’

“Racing around blasting Skynyrd works,” she says of a Nashville session.

Wayne Coyne and Iggy Pop himself. For a session with Black Keys drummer Patrick Carney, Ke\$ha returned to her hometown of Nashville. “I’m a wild Southern bitch,” she says. “Racing around in my gold Trans Am, blasting Skynyrd in my bikini – it just works there.”

Ke\$ha relocates to a bedroom so Dr. Luke can keep working. “The first two records talked more about partying,

which is a great, magical part of life,” she says after practically leaping onto a mattress full of fluffy white pillows. “But some songs on the new record are more personal and vulnerable. And you can hear more of the music I listen to when I’m lying in my bed. I’m not claiming that it’s a rock record – but as long as it’s fucking good, you can call it whatever you want.”

Asked what people get wrong about her, Ke\$ha squeezes a pillow. “About 90 percent of the time, I don’t give a fuck,” she says. “But I give many fucks about this album. Some people weren’t sure if I could sing. On this record, I said, ‘Let’s leave the tricks to a minimum and let me wail.’”

“Crazy Kids” is this album’s version of her 2010 smash “We R Who We R.” The phrase “crazy kid” is also a contender for Ke\$ha’s next tattoo, on her knuckles. “I have so many terrible tattoos,” she says. “Giving prison tattoos is, like, my favorite thing.” Visible on her feet are the homemade words FUN and YEAH. So what else is in consideration for the knuckles?

Ke\$ha considers. “‘Live hard,’” she says. “Or ‘Wild fuck.’” Then she comes up with a motto to live by: “Don’t suck.”

GAVIN EDWARDS

IN THE NEWS

Rolling Stones celebrate anniversary in London

The Stones marked five decades of rock & roll by attending the opening of a retrospective photo exhibit in London on July 12th – exactly 50 years after playing their first show. The exhibit features previously unseen vintage images from a new book, *Rolling Stones 50*, released the same week. The Stones also have an authorized documentary due out in November, and they have discussed playing at least one show later this year. “It feels really good,” **Mick Jagger** says of the anniversary. “It does seem a long time, but I’m really happy about it.”



Jagger

Adele expecting a child

Adele surprised fans on June 29th by revealing that she and boyfriend Simon Konecki are becoming parents. “I’ve got some news,” the singer wrote on her official website. “I’m delighted to announce that Simon and I are expecting our first child together. I



Adele

wanted you to hear the news direct from me, obviously we’re over the moon and very excited but please respect our privacy at this precious time.”

Jay-Z plans shows at new Brooklyn arena

The rap king will play eight nights in September and October at the Barclays Center – the new home of the NBA’s Brooklyn Nets, of which he is a partial owner. “It’s going to be about more than basketball,” he recently said of the arena, where he serves as director.

Beach Boys consider making more new music

As the Beach Boys take their reunion tour overseas, the band shows no signs of stopping. Along with a tour DVD and a career-spanning compilation, new music is



Wilson

also being discussed: The group has been exploring hours of unheard recordings, plus demos by the late **Dennis and Carl Wilson**. “There has been talk of... a new record, which I would love to do,” says **Brian Wilson**. “This reunion is blowing my mind.”

SPRINGSTEEN

[Cont. from 15] steen has been honoring fans' midshow requests by playing completely unrehearsed songs most nights. And for only the second time in E Street's history, the tour has been built around huge festival shows, packed with fans who were years away from being born when the band made *Born to Run*.

Portugal's Rock in Rio festival in June was a particular challenge. "A lot of people were there for other bands, and you could feel that," says E Street Band guitarist Nils Lofgren. "Why are they playing this 'Thunder Road' song with a guitar and a piano? He's a folk singer all of a sudden?" Bruce had to dig deeper to make them embrace us. We played two and a half hours, but it felt like five."

This is also the first time that European crowds have seen the E Street Band play with

new saxophonist Jake Clemmons leading the horn section, replacing his late uncle, Clarence Clemmons. "He's done an extraordinary job," says Lofgren. "I believe he's even playing one of the saxophones that Clarence used onstage for all those great solos."

With the European tour set to end on July 31st, the band

"Personally, I'd like to see this tour go forever," says Steve Van Zandt.

can't wait to come home to America for a run of August and September stadium gigs. "It's ironic," says Van Zandt. "You spend your life fighting to get out of clubs – and the minute you get into a stadium, you're doing all you can to turn it into a club. We don't change what we do, whether it's a club, theater, ballroom or stadium."

And while no dates have been scheduled after the U.S. leg wraps on September 22nd in East Rutherford, New Jersey, the tour could go even longer. "I hope it goes through 2013," Van Zandt says. "Personally, I'd like to see it go forever." (If the tour does get extended, the guitarist will run into a scheduling conflict: He is committed to shooting a second season of his TV series, *Lilyhammer*, in Norway. "If I gotta miss a few [shows], I'll miss a few," he says.)

In the meantime, the band is taking it one gig at a time. "The other night, Bruce called an audible of 'Born in the U.S.A.,'" says Lofgren. "Everyone's eyes in the band lit up. We didn't even rehearse it once during rehearsals, and all of a sudden we're playing it for 50,000 people. For the new people in the band, it's their first time ever playing it with Bruce singing in that banshee-out-of-hell voice. It's extraordinary stuff."

New music could also be on the way: Earlier this year, Springsteen told *ROLLING STONE* that he'd written nearly 40 new songs that got sidelined in favor of the more topical material on this spring's *Wrecking Ball*. Could we hear those songs in 2013? "I wouldn't be surprised," says Van Zandt. "He's always got an album in his pocket. The industry cannot accommodate the speed at which he works."

Springsteen's superhuman onstage stamina this summer has prompted some fans to half-jokingly wonder whether he could be getting a boost from performance-enhancing substances. Van Zandt just laughs at the unfounded speculation. "He's the opposite of a drug-created monster," says the guitarist. "He's a living example of what happens when you never do drugs your whole life, don't drink much, eat right and go to the gym. If you do that, you, too, can rock & roll at age 62." 🍌



FOLK EXPLOSION
Marcus Mumford
(left) in Austin

MUMFORD & SONS

[Cont. from 15] the record," Dwane says, "because it's something that we've all shared."

Expect heavier emotions this time around. "You might hear a little bit more of a slight flavor of darkness on a couple songs," Dravs adds. "My Love Don't Fade Away" and "Ghosts That We Knew," which the band has been playing live for months, are desperate pleas for companionship in rough times;

on "Below My Feet," frontman Marcus Mumford seems to mourn a loved one, howling, "For all my sweat, my blood runs weak." And the band rocks harder than ever on "Lover of the Light," packing the arrangement with horns, distorted banjo and rollicking drums.

But Mumford made sure not to stray too far from the earnest, mostly acoustic approach that made them stars. "The ingredients are very much the same: the four core instru-

ments and a lack of a drummer, which can give it that strange, simple, unique sort of sound," Dwane says. "I don't think we were looking to be too crazy and experimental." Adds Dravs, "The idea was always 'If it ain't broke, why fix it?'"

Beginning August 1st in Hoboken, New Jersey, the group will take the new songs on a 15-date summer U.S. tour, including two sold-out gigs at Colorado's Red Rocks. "The main challenge we've faced as

a band in the last year is working out how to play these larger audiences and keep it feeling like our show," says Dwane. "A lot of the time, if you go into an arena, they're pretty uninspiring. But we try to create an atmosphere." In between gigs, the bandmates will play four of what they call "Gentlemen of the Road Stopovers" – staging their own outdoor festivals in small cities like Portland, Maine, and Bristol, Tennessee, with friends including Dawes, St. Vincent and Justin Townes Earle, plus local food and retailers. "Basically, we wanted to take all of the things we love from the smaller festivals like Telluride Bluegrass Festival in Colorado," says Dwane. "So many festivals now are just so enterprising, and it's all about cutting every corner."

Mumford & Sons are feeling energized now that their singer has recovered from a broken hand sustained in June, which forced them to cancel two U.K. festival dates. "It was bad," says Dwane. "Everyone was like, 'Fuck, you know, this is really bad.' But he's just about back on top. Looking back at this last few weeks, the spirit is uncrushable. Everyone just mans up. Everyone gets on with it." 🍌

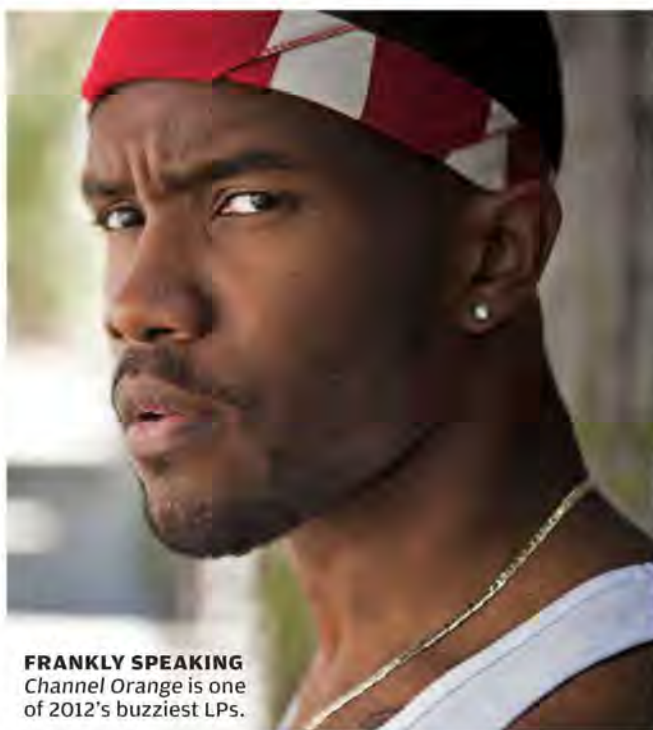
Frank Ocean's Confession Splits Fans

Singer tops iTunes charts after revealing same-sex love in blog post

AT A LOS ANGELES STUDIO earlier this year, Odd Future singer Frank Ocean previewed some of his new album, *Channel Orange*, for Def Jam president Joie Manda. The label head was struck by the music – a mesmerizing blend of R&B emotion and hip-hop storytelling – as well as Ocean's reserved demeanor. "He didn't talk at all," Manda says. "He just sat down and bobbed his head."

Ocean was saving his breaking news for later. On July 3rd, just a week before releasing *Channel Orange* as an iTunes exclusive, the singer posted an open letter on his website in which he revealed that his first true love was another man: "4 summers ago, I met somebody. I was 19 years old. He was too. We spent that summer, and the summer after, together.... By the time I realized I was in love, it was malignant. It was hopeless."

Given how few R&B or rap acts have ever spoken openly about same-sex attraction, the announcement felt historic. "It was beautifully written and eloquent," says Manda, who first read the letter when Ocean posted it online. "It took a lot of courage for him as a man



FRANKLY SPEAKING
Channel Orange is one of 2012's buzziest LPs.

"It took a lot of courage for him as a man to write that," says Def Jam's president.

to write that." Reactions from fellow artists were almost uniformly positive: Jay-Z and Beyoncé – each of whom worked with Ocean on their most recent albums – posted supportive words on their websites. Ocean's Odd Future pal Tyler, the Creator tweeted, "My big brother finally fucking did

that. Proud of that nigga cause I know that shit is difficult or whatever."

Yet others who have worked with Ocean, including Kanye West and Justin Bieber, remained silent as Internet commenters deluged Ocean with insults and even death threats. So many defamatory tweets

came in that an anonymous supporter set up a website, Hate Tweets To Frank Ocean.com, where fans can personally respond to the Twitter users addressing Ocean with ignorant messages like "your actually pure scum you faggot."

Even so, observers cited the generally supportive response within the industry as a sign of changing times in both music and society. "He made a sacrifice for the community at large," says former Def Jam head Russell Simmons. "To me, that's what's inspiring. I heard one person say, 'Who cares?' And I said, 'People who are gay and don't have role models.'"

The long-term effects on Ocean's career remain to be seen, but early sales for *Channel Orange* were strong, with up to 125,000 copies reportedly expected to be sold in its first week on iTunes – where it vaulted to the top of the albums chart, past new releases from Chris Brown and Maroon 5. And New York's leading rap radio station, Hot 97, added two tracks, "Lost" and "Super Rich Kids," to its rotation without notable negative feedback. "We've received mostly positive vibes from the listeners," says program director Ebro Darden. "They're like, 'So what?' People will look past things they disagree with if they like the art."

DAVID BROWNE

Adele, Gotye Help Save Slow Year for Music Sales

Album sales keep slipping, but song sales rise thanks to hit singles

ALBUM SALES KEPT sliding in the first half of 2012, according to Nielsen SoundScan's midyear report – with the ongoing success of Adele's 2011 blockbuster, *21*, which moved 3.7 million units, providing some good news in an otherwise weak period. "We knew the campaign was going to be something special," says Steve Barnett, chief operating officer of Columbia Records, which distributes Adele's albums. "But little did

we know that we'd be looking at selling 10 million units [total]."

But with physical album sales continuing to plummet – down 11.3 percent this year – total album sales sank by 3.2 percent. (Vinyl sales remain an outlier, increasing by another 14.2 percent after several years of growth.) Online formats, meanwhile, are still rising: Digital-album sales were up 13.8 percent, and digital-track sales rose by 5.6 percent, driven by huge demand for Gotye's "Somebody That I Used to Know"

(5.5 million downloads), fun.'s "We Are Young" (5.1 million) and Carly Rae Jepsen's "Call Me Maybe"



Gotye; Adele

(4 million). That's a mixed blessing for Gotye manager John Watson: "Is the game to have six more pop hits, or to sustain a long-term career?"

Adds fun. manager Dalton Sim, "At least people are buying music."

Electronic dance music is doing even better: Track sales in the genre jumped 65.2 percent. "U.S. radio is finally embracing electronic music," says Dean Wilson, who manages Deadmau5. "It's that simple."

STEVE KNOPPER

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BREAKING

Kitty Pryde Invades Hip-Hop Between Shifts at the Mall

Florida teen ignites buzz wildfire with clever lyrics about hopeless crushes

KITTY PRYDE - THE gawky-cool 19-year-old MC from Daytona Beach, Florida - likes to call herself the "rap-game Taylor Swift." It's an improbable title, but she's earned it with her hypervivid rhymes about the torments of young love, even if her crushes aren't always as wholesome as Swift's. In her breakthrough song, "Okay Cupid," which has racked up more than 400,000 YouTube views, Pryde longs for a boy with tobacco breath to call her at 3:30 a.m.; in another on-line hit, "Justin Bieber," she daydreams about ramming a vehicle into the pop star's girlfriend, Selena Gomez. Is all that swooning for real? Pryde replies with her trademark giggle: "I'm a teenage girl!"

Less than a year ago, Pryde (born Kathryn Beckwith) was a hopeful nobody with a head full of songs. She recorded her best-known tracks, including those on June's *haha i'm sorry* EP, while sitting in her bedroom closet. "I used the built-in microphone on my MacBook,"



Pryde in New York

she says. Pryde is intent on preserving that amateurish spirit no matter what: Even though she recently flew to London for business meetings and studio sessions, she has no plans to quit her part-time job selling accessories at her local Claire's. "It's just fun in there!" she explains. "It's, like, glittery and happy, and I get to listen to Radio Disney all day."

Her musical influences range from bubblegum pop - her hilarious "Give Me Sca-

bies" borrows its hook from Carly Rae Jepsen's smash "Call Me Maybe" - to cutting-edge rap acts like Detroit's Danny Brown, provocative L.A. crew Odd Future and Diplo pal Riff Raff. Pryde's best songs, produced by A\$AP Rocky collaborator Beautiful Lou, are foggy and sweet, like cotton-candy-scented marijuana smoke. It all adds up to a novel persona: the smart, slightly awkward teen MC who spends her days

surfing rap blogs, trying on bangles at the mall and bragging about "ruining hip-hop." Inside her bottom lip is a tattoo that says "Prince\$\$" - teen preening jumbled up with punk attitude, just like her music. "I knew that my mom would get really mad at me, so I had to figure out where I could put it that would make it not show," Pryde says. "And I always act like a little princess, so I figured that was a good thing to put in there."

JONAH WEINER

Three More Girls Changing the Rap Game

Azealia Banks

Banks, 21, blew up nearly overnight with last year's snappy single "212" - instantly sparking countless comparisons to fellow New Yorker Nicki Minaj. But Banks is her own woman, as she proved with this year's 1991 EP, an überchic dance party that's bursting with side-splitting snark.



Kilo Kish

New York design student Kish Robinson, 22, showcases her blasé charisma on woozy tunes including "Navy" and "Cross-town," released on an EP this spring. She's currently working on new music with members of Odd Future, and her full-length debut is due out later next year.



Angel Haze

A 21-year-old from Detroit who proudly proclaims her Native American ancestry, Haze has been turning heads with her rapid-fire flow. On her new EP, *Reservation*, she rattles off tightly coiled rhymes over a moaning Gil Scott-Heron sample and trades verses with Das Racist's Kool A.D.



WOMEN WHO ROCK

Choose the Next Big Thing: Contest Heats Up

Which new artist should 'Rolling Stone' spotlight this fall? Head to RollingStone.com to vote

This fall, ROLLING STONE will feature one of these six new artists on the back cover of a special "Women Who Rock" issue. So who will it be? Rootsy North Carolina crew Delta Rae, Baltimore party-starter Rye Rye, Kentucky alt-rockers Sleeper Agent, L.A. club queen Dev, rap-pop lovebirds Karmin or London pop princess Rita Ora? It's up to you! Find out all you need to know about each

VOTE NOW!

of the artists by visiting rollingstone.com/womenwhorock - we've got interviews, performances, videos and much more. Then you can vote for your favorite contestant. In August, we'll invite the top two finalists to Chicago, where they'll face off onstage at the Rolling Stone Rock Room during Lollapalooza, before a final round of online voting decides who comes out on top.



DELTA RAE



RYE RYE



SLEEPER AGENT



DEV



KARMIN



RITA ORA

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: JESSICA LEHRMAN; BROOKE NIPAR; BENJAMIN LOZOSKI; ADRIENNE NICOLE; KYLE DEAN REINFORO; EPIC RECORDS; NO CREDIT; JOSEPH LLANES; BRENTON HO; ZACH BEISER

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Experts: Bob Dylan's Newport Guitar Found After 47 Years

Dylan denies authenticity of the guitar, which could be worth up to \$1 million

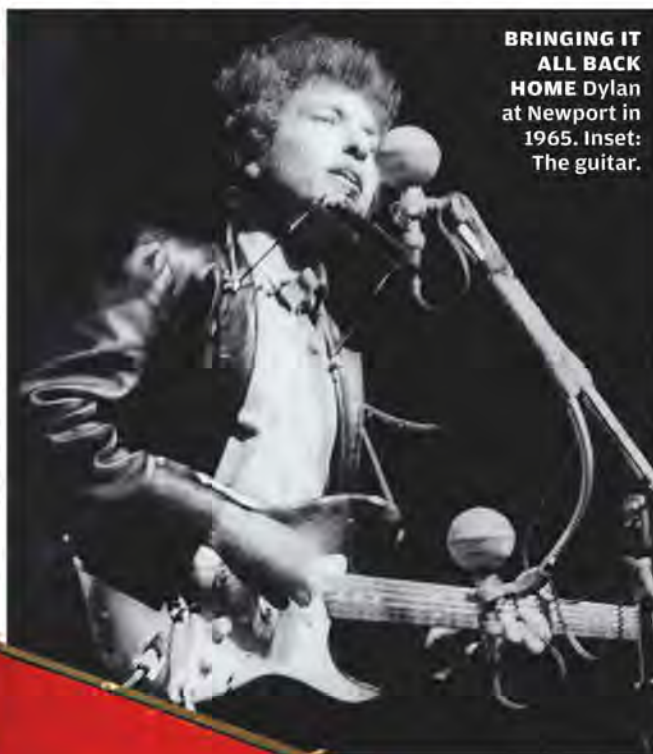
ON JULY 25TH, 1965, Bob Dylan walked onstage at the Newport Folk Festival, plugged in his 1964 sunburst Fender Stratocaster and tore through a scorching three-song set. It was a crucial turning point in his career, and it quickly became a rock & roll legend: the moment when Dylan transformed from a protest folkie to a rebel genius. But the guitar Dylan played on that mythic afternoon went missing for the next 47 years – until recently, when a team of PBS researchers told New Jersey resident Dawn Peterson that she had it in her home.

Peterson's late father, Victor Quinto, was a private pilot who worked for Dylan's manager, Albert Grossman, in the mid-1960s. "After one flight, my father saw there were three guitars left on the plane," she says. "He contacted the company a few times about picking the guitars up, but nobody ever got back to him."

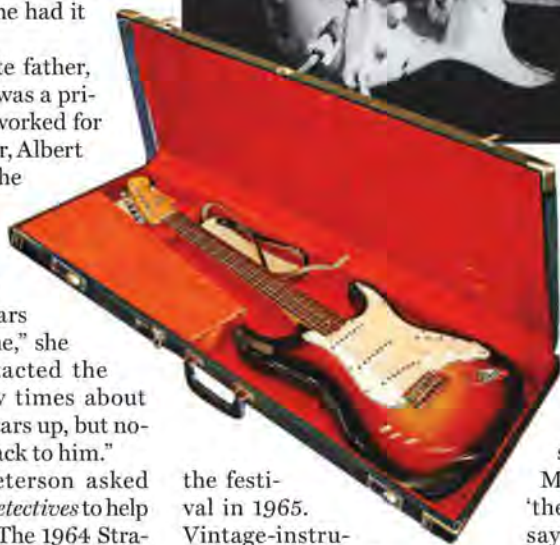
Last fall, Peterson asked PBS's *History Detectives* to help verify her find. The 1964 Stratocaster came with 13 pages of typed and handwritten song lyrics tucked inside its guitar case – but host Wes Cowan was skeptical at first. "It's so important, historically and culturally, that I couldn't have imagined Bob Dylan would have just left it on an airplane," he says.

In fact, Dylan says that's not what happened. "Bob has possession of the electric guitar he played at the Newport Folk Festival in 1965," his attorney, Orin Snyder, said in a statement. "He did own several other Stratocaster guitars that were stolen from him around that time, as were some handwritten lyrics."

But experts make a strong case that the guitar in question is the same one Dylan played at



BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME Dylan at Newport in 1965. Inset: The guitar.



the festival in 1965. Vintage-instrument specialist Andy Babiuk was convinced after PBS asked him to compare it to close-up photos from Newport. "The more I looked, the more they matched," Babiuk says. "The rosewood fingerboard has distinct lighter strips. Wood grain is like a fingerprint. I'm 99.9 percent sure it's the guitar – my credibility is on the line here."

History Detectives also called in Dylan-memorabilia collector Jeff Gold, who often helps auction houses authenticate items for sale. "A vast percentage of the stuff I get shown isn't real," he says. "By nature, I'm a defeatist. But this was obviously real."

The lyrics that came with the guitar are evocative frag-

ments: "There's bullets in my eyes but I still can see/It's just these headaches that are killing me." A handful of lines appeared on tracks that Dylan recorded for *Blonde on Blonde* in 1965 and 1966. "I own a manuscript of 'Absolutely Sweet Marie,' and there's this line, 'the six white horses,'" Gold says. "In one of these manuscripts, Dylan had written 'six flying horses,' and then above 'flying' he'd written 'white' and 'the.' It was obvious the same person had written both of them."

If it's real, the guitar is estimated to be worth as much as \$1 million – but does Peterson legally own it? Maybe not. "I think if they put it up to auction, Dylan has a claim to the proceeds," says lawyer Josh Grier, who represents artists including Wilco. For now, Peterson is keeping the guitar in a secure, climate-controlled environment; she has not decided whether to sell it. "I have to discuss it more with my husband," she says. "Things have crossed my mind."

ANDY GREENE

IN THE NEWS

Andre 3000 cuts covers for Hendrix movie

All Is By My Side – the upcoming Jimi Hendrix biopic starring Outkast's Andre Benjamin (a.k.a. Andre 3000) – will



feature new recordings of Benjamin covering the Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts

Club Band," Muddy Waters' "Mannish Boy" and other songs Hendrix performed while living in London in 1966 and 1967. The film will not, however, include any songs written by Hendrix – the rights to which are controlled by the late guitarist's estate. "This is the story of how he went to London and became Jimi Hendrix," says producer Sean McKitterick. Producers hope to release the film next year.

Spike Lee shoots Jackson documentary

Lee is close to completing a film about Michael Jackson's 1987 album *Bad*. The movie



will include more than 40 interviews with Jackson's friends and collaborators, along with famous fans including Kanye West, Mariah Carey and Sheryl Crow. "Having the chance to actually know [Jackson] and work with him, I deeply care about his legacy," said Lee, who directed videos for Jackson's "They Don't Care About Us" in 1996. "I was able to uncover just what made this such a huge, important coming of age in his career."

Lauryn Hill pleads guilty to tax evasion

On June 29th, Hill pleaded guilty in a New Jersey courtroom to avoiding federal taxes on \$1.8 million that she earned between 2005 and 2007.

The singer faces a maximum one-year sentence for each of three tax-evasion counts; a judge postponed her sentencing hearing to November, in



order to give Hill time to pay back her debt. In a lengthy post on her official blog, Hill lashed out

against press reports about the charges: "There were no exotic trips, no fleet of cars, just an all out war for safety, integrity, wholeness and health, without mistreatment denial, and/or exploitation."

Steven Tyler

On Aerosmith's unlikely return, his future on 'American Idol,' and four crazy decades on the road

By Austin Scaggs

FOR 40 YEARS, AEROSMITH HAVE endured as one of rock's biggest, most dysfunctional acts.

"With the amount of tumult that being in a rock & roll band brings – the marriages, the kids, the money – we can still fucking pop out a couple more songs that people actually want to hear," says frontman Steven Tyler. Now that he's wrapped his second season as an *American Idol* judge, Tyler is all about Aerosmith: They're back on the road this summer for a huge U.S. arena tour, and their first all-new album in 11 years, *Music From Another Dimension*, is due out in November. "We still have something to prove," Tyler says. "Not to the world, but to each other."

You postponed your July 3rd show in Virginia. What happened?

I wish they could change my vocal cords like guitar strings. One of the things I've realized is you don't want to blow out your voice and cancel a tour. So I made a pit stop to see my throat doctor. When I can't hit the high notes, I feel like I've blown a tire. And you can't run a race with a flat tire.

Are you in pain during shows?

Well, they took the nerves out of my foot, so I don't really feel my toes and shit. And my knee hurts from the ACL reconstruction. But the music is so much fucking stronger than that. As long as I get a day or two off between shows, I'm fucking golden.

You've been opening shows lately with 1977's "Draw the Line," in which you sing, "Carrie... was a wet-nap winner." Can you explain that lyric?

Well, a wet-nap is something that you wipe babies' asses with.

Back in the day, if you were lucky enough to grab a stewardess on a plane and you came out of the bathroom, all you had to clean up with was a wet-nap. The best lyrics are like the scrambled eggs you have in your head about a situation. And I've got this uncanny way of weaving shit together. To be honest, in everyday dealings, I'll talk to people, and they go, "What the fuck are you talking about?"

I bet they do!

So now I just tell 'em, "You know what? Fuck you. At least I can sing good and write a good song now and again, so go fuck yourself."

Does it kill you that the album's release date has been pushed from August to November?

Fuck, yeah. But good things are worth waiting for, my friend. There were people, even in Aerosmith's management, that never thought we'd make another record. We proved them wrong, again.

Have you had a chance to listen to the whole record?

Yeah – I woke up in New York City and took a helicopter out to East Hampton in my pajamas. I peeled off all my clothes on the beach and walked off into the sand dunes in my leopard-print underwear to listen to the record. It was beautiful. I put the headphones on [daughter] Liv for a song called "Another Last Goodbye," and, shit, we both started crying.

Will you do another season of *Idol*?

I don't know. It's TV, man. Even in a band, you can get replaced.

Your bandmates reportedly auditioned new singers after you joined *Idol* in 2010.

I kind of like to think I'm the best singer for Aerosmith. The band was really pissed off – they were jealous. But I was pissed at them for not coming to my aid.

You mean after you fell off the stage in 2009?

Yeah. It was a mudfest, the stage was soaking wet. There were tornado warnings! It wasn't just, "Tyler was doing drugs."

How do you get past those grievances within the band?

When we get on tour, we realize the one adage that's always been true about Aerosmith: We love being onstage, because that's the only thing we fucking do good, man. We can fight and hate and be angry, but for the few moments we're onstage, life stands still and the sun comes down.



RS PLAYLIST

OUR FAVORITE ALBUMS AND VIDEOS RIGHT NOW



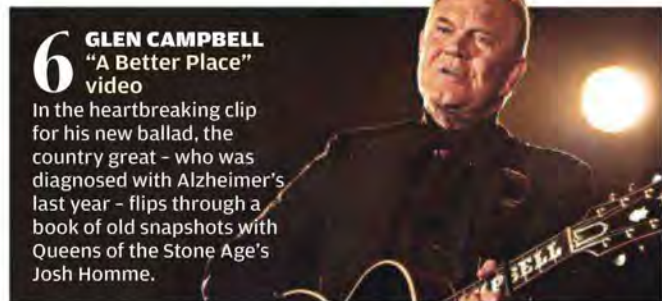
1 D'ANGELO
"Sugar Daddy" (live)
 D is officially back: Weeks after wowing Bonnaroo attendees with a wild late-night jam session, the elusive soul man blew minds at the BET Awards with a medley of 2000's "Untitled (How Does It Feel)" and this rocket-fueled new funk groove. Bring on the album!

4 PUBLIC ENEMY "I Shall Not Be Moved"

If Skrillex joined the Bomb Squad, the results might sound something like P.E.'s surprisingly awesome new tune, which pairs Chuck D's lyrical fury and Flavor Flav's excitable ad-libs with earth-shaking bass wobbles.

5 DIVINE FITS "Would That Not Be Nice"

The brand-new indie supergroup - led by Spoon's Britt Daniel, Wolf Parade's Dan Boeckner and New Bomb Turks' Sam Brown - comes through with a lean slice of garage-psych glory.



6 GLEN CAMPBELL "A Better Place" video

In the heartbreaking clip for his new ballad, the country great - who was diagnosed with Alzheimer's last year - flips through a book of old snapshots with Queens of the Stone Age's Josh Homme.

8 BLUR "The Puritan"

The reunited Brit-pop kings surprised fans by releasing a pair of sweet new tunes for the summer. Our favorite? This hopped-up singalong, featuring frontman Damon Albarn's anxious musings: "I'm waltzing on an amazing pulse in a pornographic sea."



2 TOM PETTY AND EDDIE VEDDER "The Waiting" (YouTube)

Petty and the Heartbreakers' recent Amsterdam gig reached a whole new level of rock & roll power when the band invited a flannel-clad Vedder onstage to add his mammoth growl to their 1981 smash.



3 ANTONY "Landslide"

Antony Hegarty's spare, emotional take on Fleetwood Mac's classic 1975 ballad is the sweetest of all the must-hear Mac covers on the just-released all-star tribute LP, *Just Tell Me That You Want Me*.



7 CAT POWER "Ruin"

It's been a few years since we heard from Chan Marshall, but she sounds as haunted and lovely as ever on her new single - the first taste of *Sun*, due out in September.

CHECKING IN

Jimmy Fallon

On his hilarious new LP and hanging out with Keith Richards

Jimmy Fallon lives out his rock-star fantasies on his new LP, *Blow Your Pants Off* - breaking out dead-on Jim Morrison and Bob Dylan impressions to sing old TV theme songs and duetting with superstar guests including Paul McCartney and Bruce Springsteen. "I always wanted to put a record out, and I think now we have enough crazy cameos," says the *Late Night* host. "I couldn't even believe they let us release it!"



ROCK & ROLL HIGH SCHOOL

Fallon has been impersonating rock legends since he was a teenager. "My best friend and I would just drink a case of beer, listen to the *Tales From the Brothers Gibb* box set and harmonize with each other all night long," he says. "My sister would come home from parties, and we'd be in the kitchen harmonizing to 'To Love Somebody.' She'd say, 'You are the lamest dudes ever.'"

MACCA AND ME When Fallon first approached McCartney with his idea for a "Yesterday" parody called "Scrambled Eggs," the Beatle wasn't exactly receptive. "He was kind of trying to push me out of the dressing room," Fallon says. "But I spit it out, and he loved the idea." Fallon was even more nervous during rehearsals. "I tried to harmonize with Paul, and I was off," he says. "He said, 'Don't harmonize.' I said, 'You're right. What the fuck am I doing?!'"

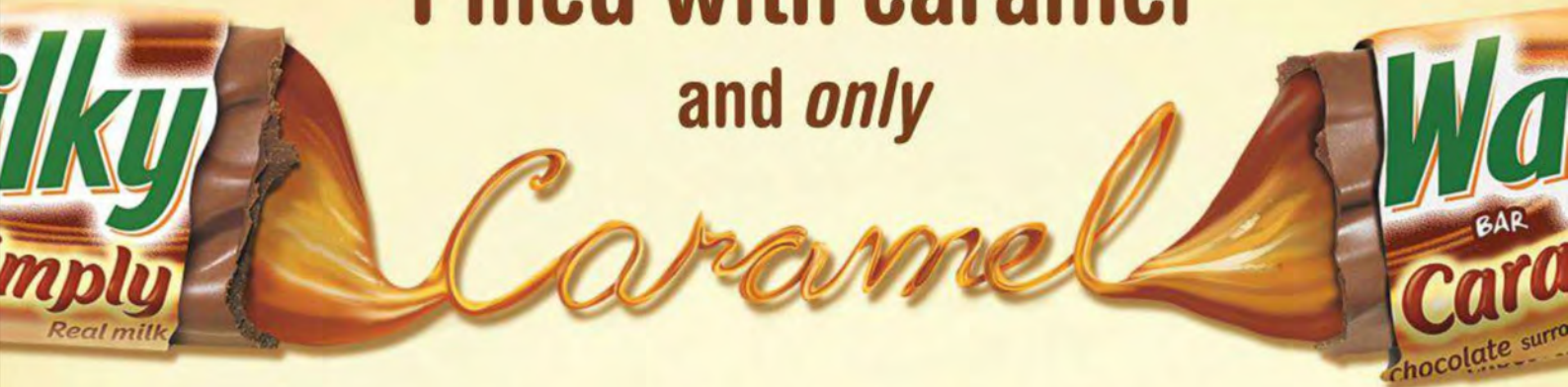
LEMON AID Keith Richards, who has appeared on Fallon's show twice, has also become a friend. "He brought me a lemon, and he goes, 'I'm growing this lemon tree - they're like grapefruits, man!'" Fallon says. "Now I'm growing a lemon tree."

WHAT'S NEXT Fallon has been talking with Bon Iver's Justin Vernon about a potential Traveling Wilburys parody. "We're holding out for somebody who can do a good Jeff Lynne," he says, "which is always hard."

PATRICK DOYLE

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TOP CHEFS
Jesse (Aaron Paul) and Walt (Cranston)

Dad Loves His Work

As 'Breaking Bad' begins its final run, Walter White discovers being a drug kingpin is as addictive as the meth he cooks **By Rob Sheffield**

IAM NOT IN DANGER, Skyler," Walter White told his wife last year. "I am the danger." So here's what the danger looks like now, at the start of the new *Breaking Bad* season: The danger is eating bacon and

Breaking Bad
Sundays, 10 p.m., AMC

eggs at Denny's, alone, waiting to meet a stranger in the men's room for a gun deal. Walt looks even more banged-around than usual, in a shabby jacket and some scruffy version of Spock's beard. He breaks up his bacon strips so they spell out "52" – his age – and tells the waitress it's his birthday. She gives him breakfast for free, but he leaves her a Benjamin under the plate. Damn, it feels good to be a gangsta.

Breaking Bad has gotten more gut-wrenching every season, and it's clearly not slowing down now. The most agonizingly vivid drama on TV is heading into its fifth and final season, split up into two mini-runs of eight episodes each. (The last eight won't air until summer 2013.) It's a long goodbye for an outlaw who deserves

one. Walt White (Bryan Cranston) has become a lethal killer and drug lord, yet he remains the most terrifyingly ordinary of American crooks – all the menace of Scarface in the body of Louis C.K.

Breaking Bad began with Walt's 50th birthday, and it's a shock how little time has passed on the calendar. This guy started out as a mild-mannered high school chemistry teacher who starts cooking crystal meth to provide for his family after he gets a lung-cancer diagnosis. But he didn't waste any time making the fast-track transition to hardened criminal mastermind.

Last season ended with a blast, as Walt took out his murderous boss, Gus Fring, with a wheelchair bomb in a nursing home. On the phone to his wife, Walt said simply, "It's over. We're safe. I won." That's three lies in six words. But when he says it, he really believes it, which makes him feel unconquerable and more dangerous than ever. Because it's not over, nobody's safe, and he's lost.

The drive of *Breaking Bad* is the American husband and his quest for competence – after years of being a medio-

cre employee in a very important profession, Walt switches to being a uniquely effective and competent operator in an anti-social, immoral and illegal profession. It's no surprise which gig he likes better. Competence is an even more addictive drug than crystal meth. He'll kill his enemies, poison children, anything to hold on to that feeling of being able to do something right for once. He loves his work, and though

he can still kid himself that he does it for the sake of his family, we don't buy it, and neither does his wife.

It's safe to say that success has gone to his head. When one of his henchmen has doubts about Walt's scheme – "I'm supposed to take it on faith? How do I know?" – Walt replies, "Because I say so." That's no scientist talking – that's a god, or at least somebody who thinks he is one. In a sense, maybe Walt's most profound corruption of all isn't that he's sold out his moral principles, but that he's sold out his scientific principles.

Part of what makes Walt so devastatingly effective as a criminal, and as a character, is that he looks just like any other loser at any other Denny's. You feel guilty witnessing his schemes, because you're noticing the evil in him that others can't see. After all, his criminal alter ego is Heisenberg, after the physicist who proposed the uncertainty principle. The Heisenberg theory is that by observing data, you influence it by your observation. In a very real way, watching Walt makes you feel complicit.

If you're getting your hopes up for a late-in-the-game redemption story, you're probably smoking some of that Blue Sky yourself. Theoretically, blowing up Gus Fring means Walt could walk away clean. But he can't let go of his hustle, because he can't resist the opportunity to say "I won." It's just that demon life that's got him in its sway. **B**

SHORT TAKE

Will They Take His Hose?

Burning Love
Yahoo! Comedy

True love, like that *Party Down* movie, is something that most of us lie awake at night and pray for. So *Burning Love* is designed for anyone who's desperately awaiting both. Ken Marino plays a studly firefighter looking for the right girl, in a hilarious parody of reality-trash dating shows. He lives in a house full of lusty ladies, asking the contestants the magic question "Will you accept my hose?"



Marino's love light

Marino has always been a brilliant slab of beefsteak, from *The State* to *Childrens Hospital*, but he hits his stride in this Web series on Yahoo!, where you can watch every episode. Each eight-minute installment is a rapid-fire barrage of gags featuring pals from *Party Down* and else-

where. The ladies all have their own angle: Malin Akerman is the homeless one, Natasha Leggero is the naked one, and Ken Jeong is the one in a blond wig and a dress. Viva amore! **R.S.**



TO THE BEAT

Grace kept her look cool in white and neutral, perfect for the summer

Rolling Stone PRIVATE CONCERT SERIES



EXCLUSIVELY PRESENTED BY

DENIM & SUPPLY
RALPH LAUREN

— FEATURING —

GRACE POTTER & THE NOCTURNALS

GRACE POTTER & THE NOCTURNALS GAVE AN UNFORGETTABLE PERFORMANCE FOR ROLLING STONE'S PRIVATE CONCERT SERIES EXCLUSIVELY PRESENTED BY DENIM & SUPPLY. On June 14th, *Rolling Stone* readers, editors and industry tastemakers filled Irving Plaza to watch the show as the band delivered cuts from their new album *The Lion The Beast The Beat*. Guests were able to take their picture in the Cover of *Rolling Stone* photo booth throughout the night and enjoy complimentary cocktails by D.H. Khran Gin. Grace and The Nocturnals rocked the stage in vintage-inspired styles by **Denim & Supply**.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT:

The sun sets as fans line the sidewalk outside Irving Plaza, a captivated audience, guests enjoy cocktails courtesy of D.H. Khran Gin, Grace Potter on the mic, DJ Trife moves the crowd before and after the headlining act, fans in the *Rolling Stone* Cover photo booth, guests socialize before the show, Grace and The Nocturnals rock the crowd.

Photos: Shahar Azran

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"As a man I'm not perfect, but my music is." —Kanye West, onstage in Atlantic City

Random Notes



I saw her today at the reception: Jagger's daughter Jade finds satisfaction.

Let's Spend Our Lives Together

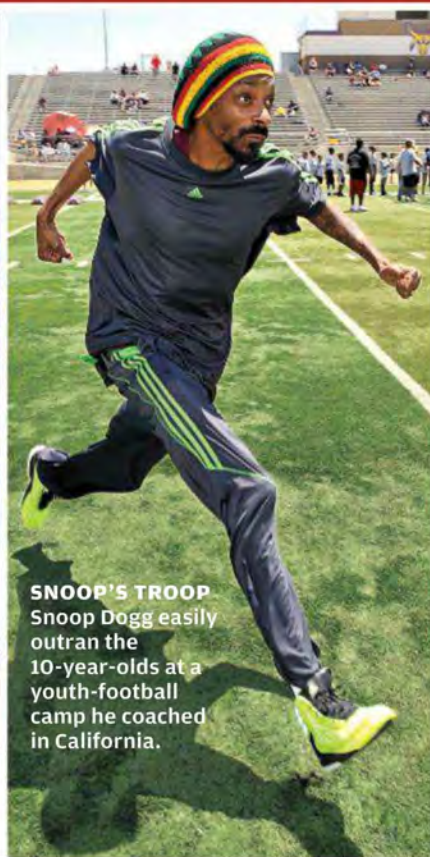
Forty-one years after Mick and Bianca Jagger's paparazzi-hounded wedding in St. Tropez, the exes reunited to bless the nuptials of their daughter Jade, who tied the knot with DJ Adrian Fillary June 30th in England's Cotswolds. At the reception, Mick reportedly took the mic for the couple's first dance, singing "You Can't Always Get What You Want," even though the bill suggested otherwise.



POP PATRIOT
Katy Perry set off fireworks prematurely cruising down Venice Beach on the Fourth of July.



BLOW BY BLOW
At a U.K. festival gig, Dylan harped on "Tangled Up in Blue" and played a grand piano.



SNOOP'S TROOP
Snoop Dogg easily outran the 10-year-olds at a youth-football camp he coached in California.



Gaga relaxed in L.A.

Gaga Lights Up

After turning heads by rocking a Cher-inspired black-strap ensemble while she dined at the superswank Mr. Chow in Beverly Hills, Lady Gaga saved dessert for the ride home.

Petty Vedder!

"I really do feel close to this song, but you've never heard it till you hear Eddie sing it," Tom Petty once said, describing friend Eddie Vedder's take on "The Waiting." The Pearl Jam frontman proved it June 24th at Amsterdam's Heineken Music Hall, joining the Heartbreakers onstage in his finest flannel to howl the 1981 classic as Petty grinned, grooved and sang backup. Petty even laughed it off later when Vedder flubbed the lyrics to "American Girl." Only in Amsterdam!



Don't it feel like heaven right now? Vedder and Petty take Amsterdam.



TWO AND A HALF MEN Charlie Sheen gave Slash a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame - "on the very street Axl Rose will one day be sleeping on," as Sheen put it.



HEART OF COLD Neil Young took down a sugar mountain of gelato on vacation in Italy.



MAUI WOWIE In Hawaii, Tyler, the Creator wiggled out while shooting scenes for his Adult Swim show, *Loiter Squad*.



HONKY-TONK HEROES Dwight Yoakam cooked up a Creedence-y track at Beck's L.A. studio.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: ANDY TENNILLE; MAURIZIO LA PIRA/SPLASH NEWS; EMILY J. JOYCE; DON LOPEZ/SPLASH NEWS; RHS/SPLASH NEWS

why did Dad make square hamburgers?

Some said it was because he believed everyone should get a square deal. Dad told me it was because he never wanted to cut corners on anything—especially quality. Which is why we start with 100% fresh, never-frozen North American beef, the freshest toppings and promise to make your hamburger exactly how you like it. It's what we mean when we say, "Quality is our recipe." That was Dad's way, and That's Wendy's Way™.

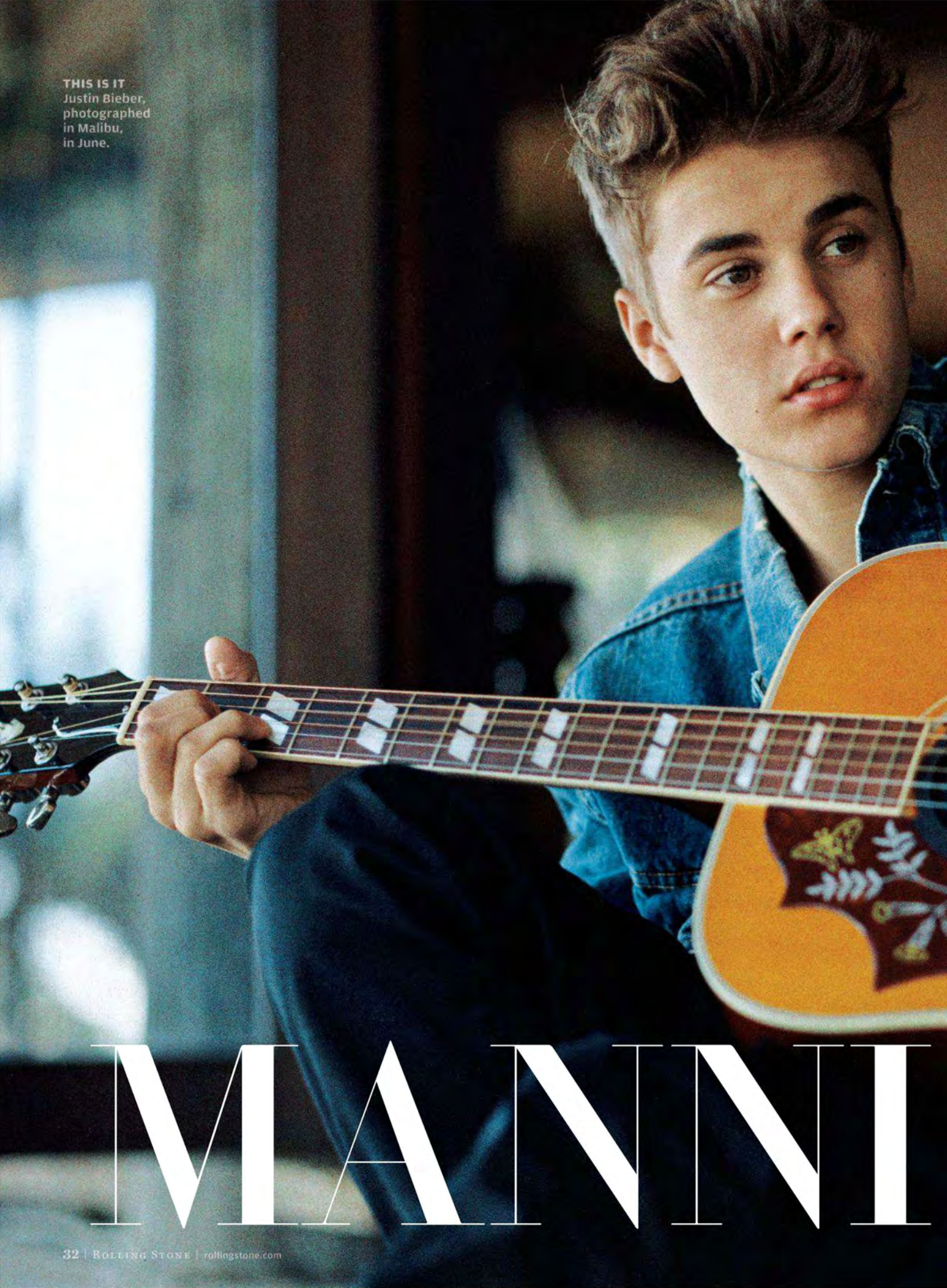
Wendy Thomas



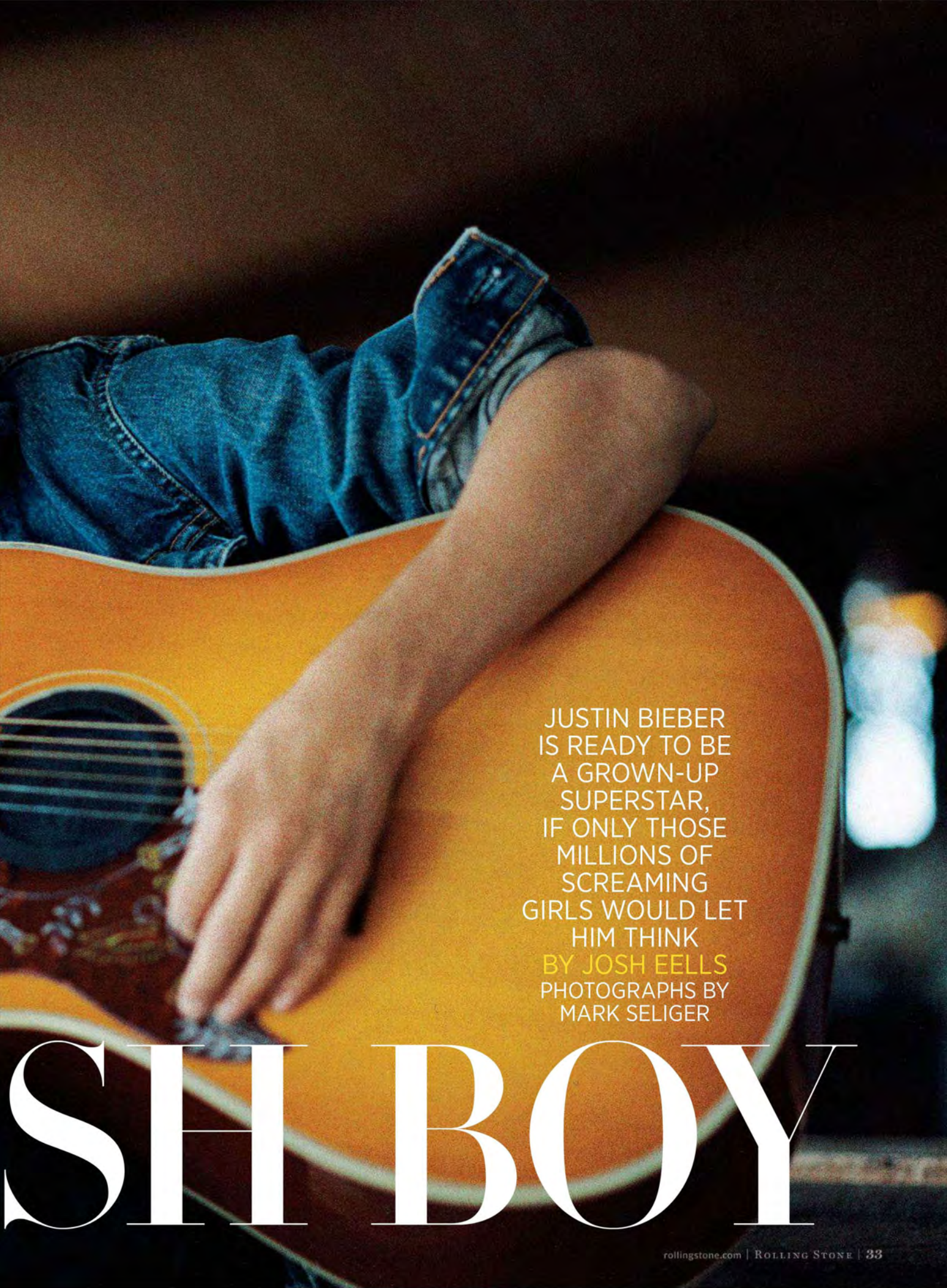
Find out what Wendy's way is all about.
Visit wendys.com/wendysway



THIS IS IT
Justin Bieber,
photographed
in Malibu,
in June.

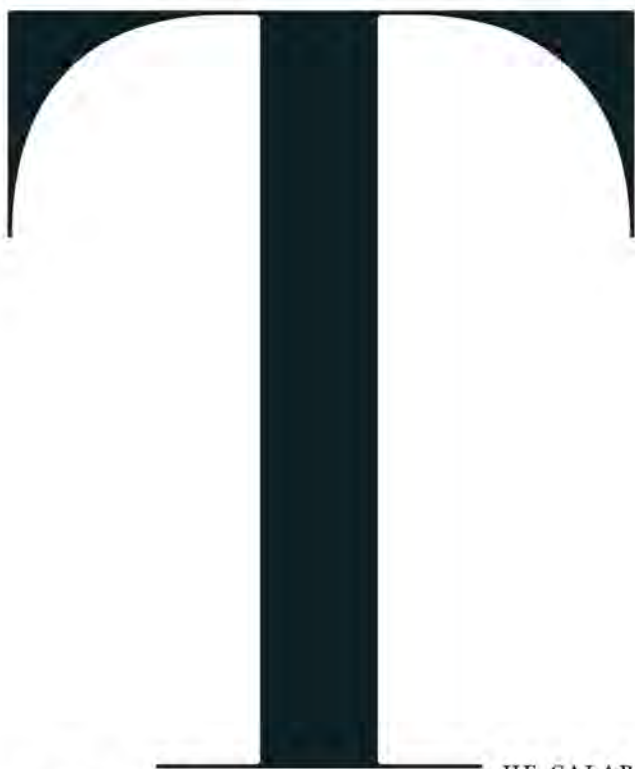


MAINTI

A close-up photograph of Justin Bieber's arm and hand as he plays an acoustic guitar. He is wearing blue denim jeans. The guitar has a light-colored wooden body and a dark pickguard. The background is dark and out of focus, with some blurred lights on the right side.

JUSTIN BIEBER
IS READY TO BE
A GROWN-UP
SUPERSTAR,
IF ONLY THOSE
MILLIONS OF
SCREAMING
GIRLS WOULD LET
HIM THINK
BY JOSH EELLS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MARK SELIGER

SH BOY



HE CALABASAS COUNTRY

Club is a good place for a celebrity who doesn't want to be seen: exclusive enough to have a guard and a gate, but not sexy enough to be a paparazzi magnet. The initiation fees here run a modest \$25,000, as opposed to, say, a more formidable \$150,000-plus down the road at Sherwood, where your bigger stars – your Timberlakes, your Pinkett-Smiths, your various Kardashians – like to play. And so, on this windy-hot Tuesday L.A. morning, instead of Britney Spears sunning at the pool, the biggest drama unfolding at Calabasas is whether the two old ladies in visors and cleats in front of the clubhouse will be able to complete their foursome. “Doris can’t come,” one is saying, “Beverly can’t come....”

But then, a burst of excitement. A matte-black Range Rover with Georgia plates, screaming into the parking lot blasting Drake at jet-engine volume. The car was a present for its owner's 16th birthday; his initials, J.B., are in studded crystals on the dash. (If you look closely, you can also see the dent in the front fender where he hit a pot-hole in his girlfriend's driveway.) And thus, with characteristic understatement, *der* Bieber makes his entrance. “What’s up!” he says, his thousand-megawatt smile fully activated. “I’m Justin.”

Bieber glides his way to the practice range, his entourage trailing behind him. There’s his head of security, Moshe Benabou, a former Israeli Defense Force soldier with a handshake like a trash compactor, who probably knows eight different ways to kill you without leaving a mark; Ryan Good, Bieber’s creative director and “swagger coach,”

who’s wearing black jeans and high-tops even though it’s 90 degrees out and he’s on a golf course; and Kenny Hamilton, a radio-DJ-turned-road-manager and all-around caretaker, who accompanies Bieber everywhere and has him saved in his phone as “Nephew.”

You might have heard the numbers on Bieber – the 375,000 copies his new album, *Believe*, has sold, making it the biggest debut of the year; the 25 million followers on Twitter, second only to Lady Gaga; his 45 million Facebook fans, more than Mitt Romney and Barack Obama combined. But did you know it all started with a golf game? Back when he was growing up in Stratford, Ontario, Bieber was a regular at the local municipal course. He’d play almost every day in the summer; he says his handicap was a very respectable seven. And then one day, as he wrote in his 2010 memoir, *First Step 2 Forever: My Story*, “I wanted to go golfing with my friends...but I didn’t have any money.” So he took his guitar and started busking on the steps of a town theater, hoping to make \$20, enough scratch for a round. He came home with \$200, as well as a new career.

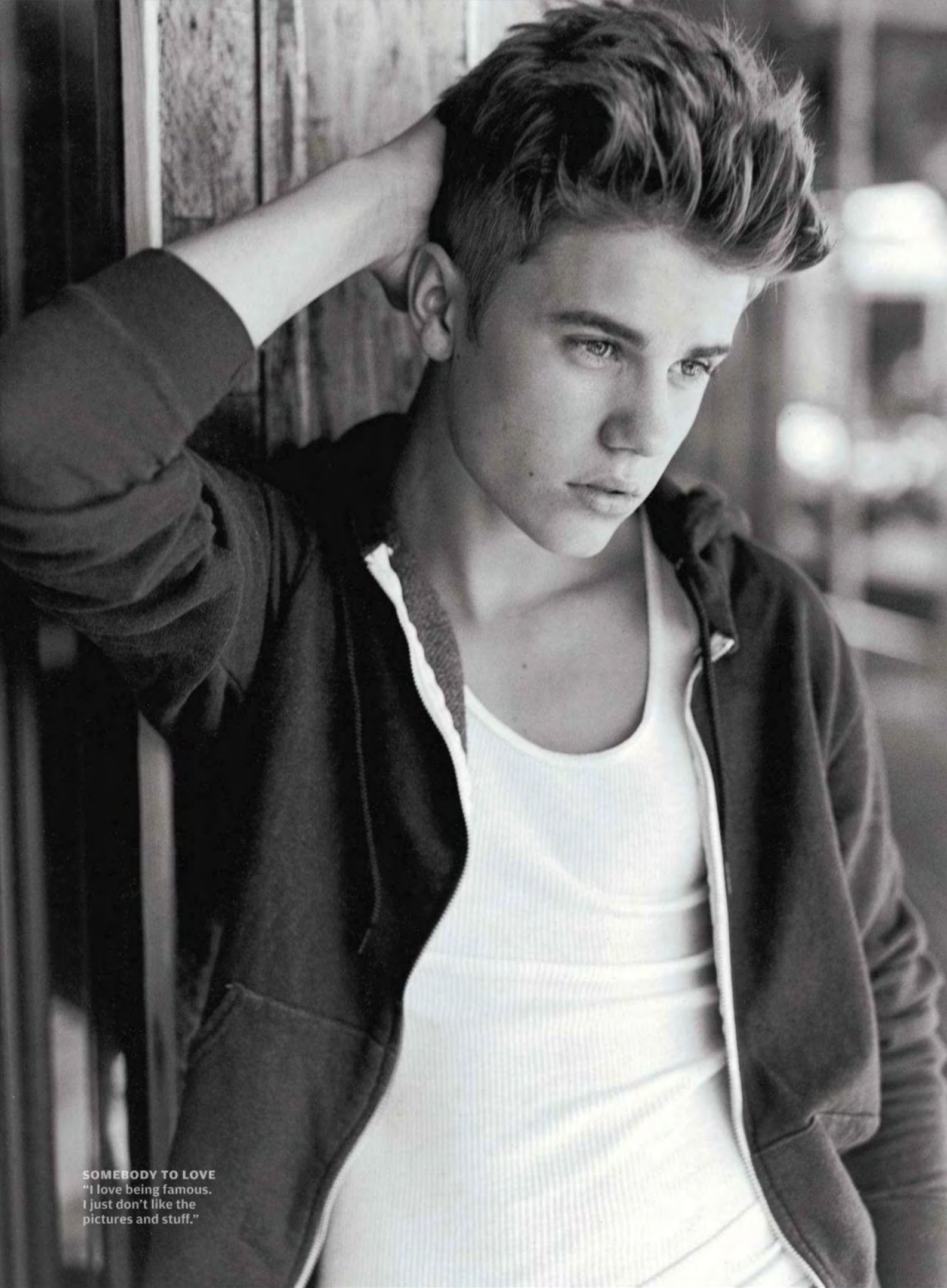
Five years later, the phenomenon shows no signs of abating. Teenage girls are still camping out in shantytowns for days on end to get a good spot for his concerts; in May, a performance on the roof of the Oslo Opera House incited a riot that injured 49 and had Norwegian police threatening to declare a state of emergency. Any day now you half expect the Gates Foundation to announce that it’s given up on malaria and will henceforth focus all its resources on curing Bieber Fever. Even the paper of record, *The New York Times*, ran a 2,000-word travel story about his tiny hometown, spotlighting his former school Stratford Northwestern, and Scooper’s, his favorite ice cream shop.

In the face of all this attention, Bieber lives a life that’s designed to maximize his visibility while minimizing his actual exposure. He’s rarely outside alone for long, and travels mainly in the blacked-out Range or in his Mercedes Sprinter van, an oversize mobile fun center where he can play PS3 or work on beats while

“NO ONE’S EVER GROWN UP LIKE JUSTIN BIEBER,” SAYS BRAUN. “EVER, IN THE HISTORY OF HUMANITY.”

sitting in traffic on the 405, then slide open the doors and roll into his next engagement, running from enclosed space to enclosed space and covering his face like an astronaut who’s lost his helmet. “I love what I do,” he says. “I love performing, I love being famous. I just don’t like the pictures and stuff.”

But today is a good day: The sun is shining, the golf balls freshly unpacked, the hordes of Beliebers nowhere in sight. Today Bieber can relax and enjoy himself. Right now he’s on the practice range, warming up. He’s wear-



SOMEBODY TO LOVE
"I love being famous.
I just don't like the
pictures and stuff."

ing a Chicago Blackhawks cap ("I'm actually part Indian," he says – "I think Inuit or something? I'm enough percent that in Canada I can get free gas"), a blue short-sleeved shirt and khaki shorts that hang all the way off his butt. Bieber is taller than you'd think – which is not to say tall – and on his upper lip are the tiniest seedlings of a mustache.

Out on the course, things start off a little rocky. On the first tee, Bieber hits a bad slice and ends up in the trees. Trying to get himself out, he then hits a supremely unlucky shot that ricochets off a wooden stake and lands back where he started. Moshe starts laughing, until Bieber shoots him an icy look. ("He's very competitive," Kenny says.) By the time he puts it in, he's racked up eight. Ryan asks him what he had, and he thinks for a second. "Seven?"

But on the second hole, he starts to find his groove. He's on the green in two and then two-putts for a par. "Par for JB!" he says, pumping his fist. "Par for JB! Swag!" When he screws up on the next hole and sends the ball screaming past the green, he demands a mulligan, and then hits a beautiful little chip shot that rolls onto the green, kisses the pin and drops into the cup for a birdie. "Swag! Swag! Swag!" he says, hopping up and down, one hand holding up his shorts. "That's what I'm talking about!" Ryan says something under his breath about his first shot, and Bieber scoffs. "Get out of here. I deserve that. That was dope." (Later, when I ask him why he didn't call him on it more, Ryan laughs. "Did you see how happy he was? It would have crushed him.")

Bieber goofs around through a few more holes. He takes a call from someone who is almost certainly Selena Gomez, his girlfriend (he says "I love you" at the end). He shows off a photo Rihanna just posted on Instagram of herself kissing someone in a Justin Bieber mask ("Check it out," he says, excitedly. "That's swaggy, bro"). He plays a few good-natured pranks, bumping Kenny's golf cart and unstrapping a bag of clubs that turns out to be his own. ("I guess I pranked myself," he says with a smile after it tumbles into the fairway.) He seems to be having a really good time – right up until the moment on the fifth hole when Ryan looks up and groans: "How are they *here*?"

Up on a hill, on the other side of a fence, two paparazzi are snapping pictures with telephoto lenses. Someone at the course must have tipped them off. Instantly, Bieber's mood darkens.

He's had bad luck with photographers lately. A few weeks earlier, he and Gomez

were leaving a movie when they got into an altercation with some paparazzi who were blocking their way. Bieber allegedly threw a punch; the investigation is still ongoing. A few days after the golf game, he'll be ticketed for doing 80 on an L.A. freeway while allegedly trying to evade another paparazzi. The poor kid can't even walk into a glass wall – as he's done, twice – without making headlines all over the world. "No one's ever grown up like Justin Bieber," says his manager, Scooter Braun. "Ever, in the history of humanity."

Moshe hops out of his cart and rushes the photographers, dialing the number for the L.A. sheriff with one hand and gesturing angrily with the other. There's a brief standoff while Bieber finishes the hole and the paps snap away. But then Bieber decides to take matters into his own hands. "Watch," he says. "I'm gonna blast one at them."

"Justin has two sides," says Braun. "On one side he's probably the most mature and aware teenager on the planet. And on the other side he's a little kid – like, literally, a kid." Right now, the kid is pulling out his nine-iron and dropping a ball at his feet. The entourage moves like they're going to stop him (Kenny: "Still an open case, still an open case!"), but no one does. Bieber rears back and launches the ball over the photographers' heads – their best shot of the day, if they weren't too busy ducking – and then hops in his cart and heads back to the clubhouse.

"They're not supposed to be here," he grumbles on the way. "It's superprivate

THE NEXT AFTERNOON, Bieber is in Burbank to tape an episode of *The Tonight Show*. By the time he pulls up around 1:45 p.m. in his Sprinter van, he's almost an hour late. He's wearing a white T-shirt and red heart-shaped 3D glasses, which he got the night before at the premiere for Katy Perry's concert documentary, *Part of Me* (basically an attempt to recreate the \$100-million-worldwide success of Bieber's own documentary, *Never Say Never*, a ruthlessly uplifting piece of pop-agenda that in terms of heroic myth-creation rivals *Triumph of the Will*).

Bieber had a late night, but not as late as it could have been. Following the premiere, he headed to the afterparty with Perry, Gomez and *Twilight* star Robert Pattinson. But when he realized it was at a club, he decided to go home instead. He just turned 18 in March, and even though he partied with Mike Tyson and Kim Kardashian and got a rose-gold Rolex Daytona from his lawyer, he doesn't want to be seen around booze in public. He's been enjoying other perks of adulthood, though: For one thing, he's a homeowner now. He recently bought a seven-bedroom, 10,000-square-foot mansion in Calabasas that used to belong to Eddie Murphy's ex-wife and came complete with a game room, a movie theater and a wine cellar that he can't legally use for three more years. "It's really nice," Bieber says. "Not too big, not too small. Perfect for my first house."

This morning, Bieber woke up around

THERE'S A STANDOFF WITH THE PAPARAZZI AT THE GOLF COURSE: "WATCH," SAYS BIEBER. "I'M GOING TO BLAST ONE AT THEM."

property." Then he spots three more photographers staked out right on the course. He covers his face with his baseball cap and drives blindly for a while, no doubt violating all kinds of PGA rules, then somehow miraculously arrives safely back at the clubhouse. "How'd it go?" a club official asks.

"Um, not too good," Bieber says diplomatically. The guy asks if Bieber's going to play the back nine, and he shakes his head. "We'll probably never play here again," he says under his breath – sounding not so much angry as disappointed. He takes off his glove and starts packing up to leave. Then, out of nowhere, the club's special-events guy appears, holding a little point-and-shoot.

"Hey, Justin?" he says. "Before you go – can we get a picture?"

11, rolled out of bed, squeezed in a quick workout of 25 sit-ups and 50 push-ups, trundled downstairs and ate a bowl of Frosted Flakes, staked for a while on the half-pipe in his backyard, got hot, jumped into the pool, came back inside to take a shower, and then came to the TV studio. Now he's sitting in his dressing room, enjoying a Big Mac and an Oreo McFlurry, and strumming his guitar.

Bieber started playing guitar when he was six. He's left-handed, so he first learned upside-down, like Jimi Hendrix. His dad taught him some, but mostly he learned by ear, which is the same way he figures stuff out today. "Do you know this one?" he says, bending a few strings. "It's 'Sweet Child O' Mine!'" He plays it again, and sure enough, swap out a few notes and make it twice as fast, and he's nailed it.

Contributing editor JOSH EELLS
profiled Deadmau5 in RS 1160/1161.



1 2



4



If He Was Your Boyfriend

(1) Bieber with girlfriend Selena Gomez in Hawaii, May 2011. (2) The paparazzi-eye view of Bieber at Calabasas Country Club. (3) Bieber with manager-mentor Scooter Braun. (4) "Not too big, not too small": Bieber's new 10,000-square-foot home in L.A. (guest house not pictured).

Pretty soon there's a knock at the door; Jay Leno pops in. "What's up, big guy?" he says. "How are you?"

"Hey, man!" says Bieber. "Thank you so much for having me." They visit for a few minutes – Leno says he recently bought a Cadillac like Bieber's ("But you have the automatic – I got the stick"), and the host takes his leave. "Such a nice guy," Bieber says after he's gone. "He does that before every show. Last time, he brought my mom flowers. Letterman doesn't do that."

Bieber was on *Letterman* a week earlier, and it didn't go well. At one point the host took notice of his new tattoo – the word BELIEVE, on the inside of his left forearm – and teased him about turning his body into the Sistine Chapel. "I'm not going for the whole Sixteenth Chapel look," Bieber said, much to David Letterman's delight.

"I knew what it was," Bieber says this afternoon. "I was making a joke." Braun, however, suspects otherwise: "The poor kid had no clue. I saw his tutor the next day, and I was like, 'Seriously?'"

Soon it's time for Bieber to get ready. His hairdresser, Vanessa, makes him strip off his shirt and sit in a makeup chair while she sprays his pompadour. Meanwhile, his stylist steams his T-shirt and tells him about the gloves he'll be wearing today – very soft, because they're fetish leather. "Fetish leather," Bieber repeats vaguely. He asks who the other guests are, and someone says Mila Kunis. "Mila Kunis is here?" he says, literally hopping out of his chair. Then everyone clears out so he can call his grandmother.

Pretty soon it's time for his performance. Bieber is singing his single "Boyfriend," a

Timberlake-y jam designed to bridge the gap between chaste tween-crush object ("I could be your Buzz Lightyear") and swaggered-out ladies' man ("Chillin' by the fire while we eatin' fondue"). (Speaking of which: Has he really eaten fondue? "I've had the chocolate kind with, like, strawberries and stuff," he says. "Not the cheese kind. Who eats the cheese kind unless you're old and from Paris?")

Bieber, dressed in some sort of blue-jean-vest/leather-jacket hybrid, performs the song for the squealing studio audience, with Leno and Kunis watching just off-camera. At one point he does a pelvic thrust, and Kunis' jaw actually drops. Afterward, he's lingering in the hallway when one of her handlers walks by carrying the bear from the movie *Ted*, which she's here to promote. "Is that for me?" Bieber asks excitedly. She says that unfortunately it's the only one – but she can make sure he gets one later if he wants? "Yes, please," he says.

When Kunis appears, though, Bieber suddenly slips into suave mode. "Hey, what's up?" he says, going in for the hug. "Did you like the performance?"

"Oh, my gosh, it was so great," she says. He blushes. Then, "Can I ask you a favor?"

"Of course," Bieber says, looking eager. She takes out her phone. "Could you take a picture with my roommate?"

This new album is supposed to solidify Bieber as an adult-size, not-just-tween pop star with adult-size fans. ("I'm not, like, 'over' tweens," Bieber says, in a tone that suggests he's so over tweens.) The goal is a career like Michael Jackson's or Justin Timberlake's – massive child stars who successfully became even huger grown-up ones. But both Jackson and Timberlake were in their early 20s when they released their mature breakthrough albums (*Off the Wall* and *Justified*). Right now, women like Kunis still look at the barely legal Bieber the way Bieber just looked at *Ted*; it's still the preteens who are buying all his tickets and nicknaming his (as he puts it) "genital area." ("It's 'Jerry,'" Bieber says, laughing. "My fans are crazy.")

In the parking lot, a few dozen of the little crazies are amassed for a pre-planned acoustic Bieber bonus performance. But talking to Braun outside his dressing room, Bieber has some reservations. "So I don't know how you expect this to really, like, go down," he says.

"We did it the first time we were here," says Braun. "You'll be out in the parking lot, we'll open the Sprinter van, the kids will stand back, and you'll do a song."

"But I feel like all the kids out there, it's gonna be madness."

"It'll be fine," says Braun. "They listen to you."

Bieber frowns. "They don't, really."

A few minutes later, Bieber is in the van, powwowing with his musical director – a floppy-haired young Canadian named Dan

Kanter – while the girls outside elbow to get close. (“The next car we get, we’re doing it like the pope,” Moshe says. “Bulletproof glass.”) Kanter asks him what he wants to sing, and Bieber looks at him like he’s crazy. “‘Boyfriend,’” he snorts. “What else would I sing? ‘Baby?’” “Maybe you should do ‘Crazy Train,’” Kanter says. He starts strumming the chords, and Bieber joins in. “*Crazeht!*” he howls. “That’s how it go-o-oes...” It sounds pretty great. Kanter switches to Metallica’s “Fade to Black,” and Bieber starts singing the lead-guitar part – *da na na na na na do do doooo*. “I used to fall asleep to that song!” he says. Then he switches to “One,” stomping his foot on the floor in time. “Hold my breath as I wait for death!” Kanter cracks up. “I love this kid.”

In the end, though, Bieber just does “Boyfriend.” The girls sing along to every word.

A COUPLE OF DAYS later, Bieber wants to have lunch. “He normally doesn’t do lunch interviews,” his publicist says, “but he needs to learn now that he’s growing up.” He’s chosen to meet at his favorite spot, a place in Studio City called Sushi Dan.

Bieber chafes at any suggestion that he’s still a kid. “Scooter didn’t buy me this,” he bristles one day when someone mistakes the Sprinter van for a gift from Braun. “I bought this.” (The car Braun bought him was a Fisker Karma, a \$100,000 hybrid sports car – the one he was doing 80 in when he got pulled over.) It was less than two years ago that Bieber was wearing Invisalign braces and rocking Spider-Man sheets on his tour bus, but he says that since he turned 18 he’s starting to feel like a real adult. “Just feeling more responsible, having to do things myself,” he says. “I have to sign more things. Before, my mom signed things.” It’s no big deal, though: “I’ve been signing my name since I was 13.”

According to Braun, Bieber has two must-do phone appointments every week: one with his lawyer, and one with his business manager. It’s especially important now that he’s 18 and has more control over his money. “The money was always mine,” Bieber says. “It was just in these trusts where I couldn’t go and spend it all. Now it’s still in the trusts, but it’s available to take it out if I want it.”

So, does that mean someone else has control over it?

“No one has control over it,” he says. “It’s just, like, a trust.”

So theoretically he could take it out and blow it all?

“Theoretically, but, no. Because it’s in, like, trusts.”

Before long, the sushi arrives. Bieber ordered two different deep-fried rolls, one



MOVES LIKE JACKSON
Bieber on Italian television in June

of which is called the Paparazzi (“Ironic, right?”). “This is the jam, bro,” he says as he takes a bite. It’s shrimp tempura slathered in some kind of Thousand Island-ish special sauce. “Here, try it,” he says, proffering the plate. “So good, right?”

I ask Bieber what else has changed in the past couple of years. “I’m definitely more mature,” he says. “I feel like I carry myself in a more manly way. I don’t carry myself as a boy.” He’s been through all the manly rites of passage: He graduated from high school and got his first credit card, and also had his first paternity case (it was later withdrawn; there’s a song about it, à la “Billie Jean,” on *Believe*). He says one of the craziest things is that he’s now the same age his dad was when he was born. “I could have a child right now,” he says. “That’s nuts.” I ask if it makes him feel old, and he shakes his head. “It makes me feel very young.”

A few minutes later, an attractive girl in a tight white dress walks by on her way to the bathroom, and Bieber stares. For a good 10 seconds he totally zones out. “Sorry,” he says. “I just lost what I was thinking about.”

When it comes to the ladies, Bieber says he’s pretty romantic. “I make sure to do

the little things,” he says. “Like noticing when they get their hair done, or when they change their nail color. Also saying things all the time – like, ‘You’re very pretty,’ ‘You’re gorgeous,’ things like that.” I ask if he’s ever been in love and he says yes; then I ask how many times, and there’s a seven-second pause while he decides how to answer. “Um...once?”

In some quarters, there’s the worry that Bieber’s relationship with Gomez has hurt him among his fan base – not because of who she is (a baby-doll-cute Disney star), but because the fact that he has a girlfriend at all makes him less of a fantasy object.

“Personally, I think that’s all a bunch of bullshit,” Braun says. “Yes, there’s gonna be some girls that if they see him with a girlfriend, it kills the dream – but there are also gonna be girls that see him with a girlfriend, hear about the romantic things he does, and want him even more.” As an example, he points to a date Bieber orchestrated last year, when – inspired by the Adam Sandler classic *Mr. Deeds* – he borrowed an empty Staples Center for the night, arranged a candlelight dinner in the middle of the floor and followed it up with a screening of *Titanic* on the Jumbotron.

"I have 30-year-old female friends who heard about that and said, 'Justin Bieber is the most romantic dude on the planet,'" Braun says. "I'm in love with this boy."

One evening, Braun, 31, is having a beer in the living room of his \$6 million mansion high in the Hollywood Hills, with his infinity pool spreading out over all of L.A. Usher, who, together with Braun, launched Bieber's career, is crashing here for a few days while he's in town, and he's sitting on the couch next to him. Usher has been a mentor to Bieber, a model of how to transition from a teen star to an adult one, but also a reminder that most artists aren't megastars forever.

Both of them understand that this is a pretty crucial moment for Bieber. "I think Justin's competition is himself," Braun says. "I know how bad he wants this and how bad he wants to last, and I know how much it would kill him if he lost it."

Usher has a theory about where Bieber's drive comes from. "I think it's partly being brought up without his father," Usher says. "He's more mature than the average child – or, rather, young man." Bieber's dad split a few months after Justin was born, and although they're on good terms now,

and say it's OK? Then you're more to blame than him. He's a kid – he's waiting for someone to tell him where the limits are."

"At the end of the day," Braun says, "even in his most selfish moments, you just need to point out that he's being selfish. He's more embarrassed about it than anything. When he's being a prick, he's not being a prick because he's famous. He's being a prick because he's a kid."

Braun says that far from hurrying Bieber to grow up, he encourages him to act his age. Some of his favorite moments are the ones where Bieber forgets he's a superstar and acts instead like an excited little kid. Take last December, when Bieber performed at the White House as part of the annual Christmas concert. Afterward, he says, everyone lined up to greet Obama, approaching him with a respectful handshake: "Thank you, Mr. President." "Pleasure to meet you, Mr. President." Then came Bieber's turn. He stepped up, clasped Obama's hand, and gave him some dap. "What up, my dude!" the not-yet-high-school graduate said to the president of the United States. Obama's rejoinder? "What up, Biebs!"

"That's the stuff I like," Braun says, grin-

When he's ready, he takes his place in the booth. The first line he's supposed to sing is, "I don't need money, I don't need cars." Bieber tries it out a few different ways – emphasizing different notes, ad-libbing lyrics on the fly. His stripped-down falsetto, meanwhile, sounds truly great, with just the right amount of minor-key ache. By take 10, Gudwin thinks he's getting close: "Good, just let me hear the words a little bit more?" On take 11: "Sounds nice!" Take 12: "Ooh! That was filthy." Take 17: "Good!"

Bieber keeps going this way, cobbling the bridge together bit by bit. For the next line ("I don't need to shine if I got your heart"), he does 12 takes. For the one after that ("Beating right here, here with me"), he does 15. On the last line – "Baby, that's all I need" – he tries stretching the last syllable out across 10 melismatic notes, then realizes he's overdoing it and pulls back to a perfect four. After about 30 minutes, he's finished, and some lusty teenager in Lithuania has a new favorite song to request.

Bieber is just about to leave the booth when Josh remembers one more thing. "Oh, hey – can you just get that '18' on 'Actin' Up' real quick?"

He's talking about a song Bieber did with the rapper Asher Roth, another Braun client. There's a line about him being 17 on it, because when he recorded it a few months ago, he was – but now that he's 18, he needs to change it. Bieber spits the first few bars a cappella:

Eighteen years old and I gotta
act up
Cuz I'm so, so fly
I'm so fly
And I don't know why
But I know I go so wild
Till the bass goes, oh, my...

"Thank you," Josh says into the intercom. "That's all I need."

Josh plays the track back, and Bieber come out of the booth and listens to himself for a few seconds. "You like it?" he asks. I tell him I do. "Thank you," he says, beaming.

Braun says Bieber hated fame for a really long time. "He hated not being normal," he says. "He hated being different. We'd get into huge arguments – he would just refuse to admit that he was famous. It's only in the past year that he finally came to terms with the fact that 'This is my life, and it's not normal.'"

Bieber is dancing around the studio now, hands in the air. He's rapping along to the kid on the speakers, an 18-year-old at the top of the world:

Bass loud, hands up
I don't really give a fuck
They say I ain't old enough
But I be young and acting up

"WHEN HE'S BEING A PRICK, IT'S NOT BECAUSE HE'S FAMOUS," SAYS BRAUN. "HE'S BEING A PRICK BECAUSE HE'S A KID."

Bieber was essentially raised by his mom, and has been the breadwinner in his family since he was barely a teen. It's a relationship Braun is still touchy about. "I can't speak on that," he says flatly. "It's good now. His dad's in his life." Later, when asked about Bieber's many father figures, Braun shakes his head, silently mouths the word "one," and points to himself.

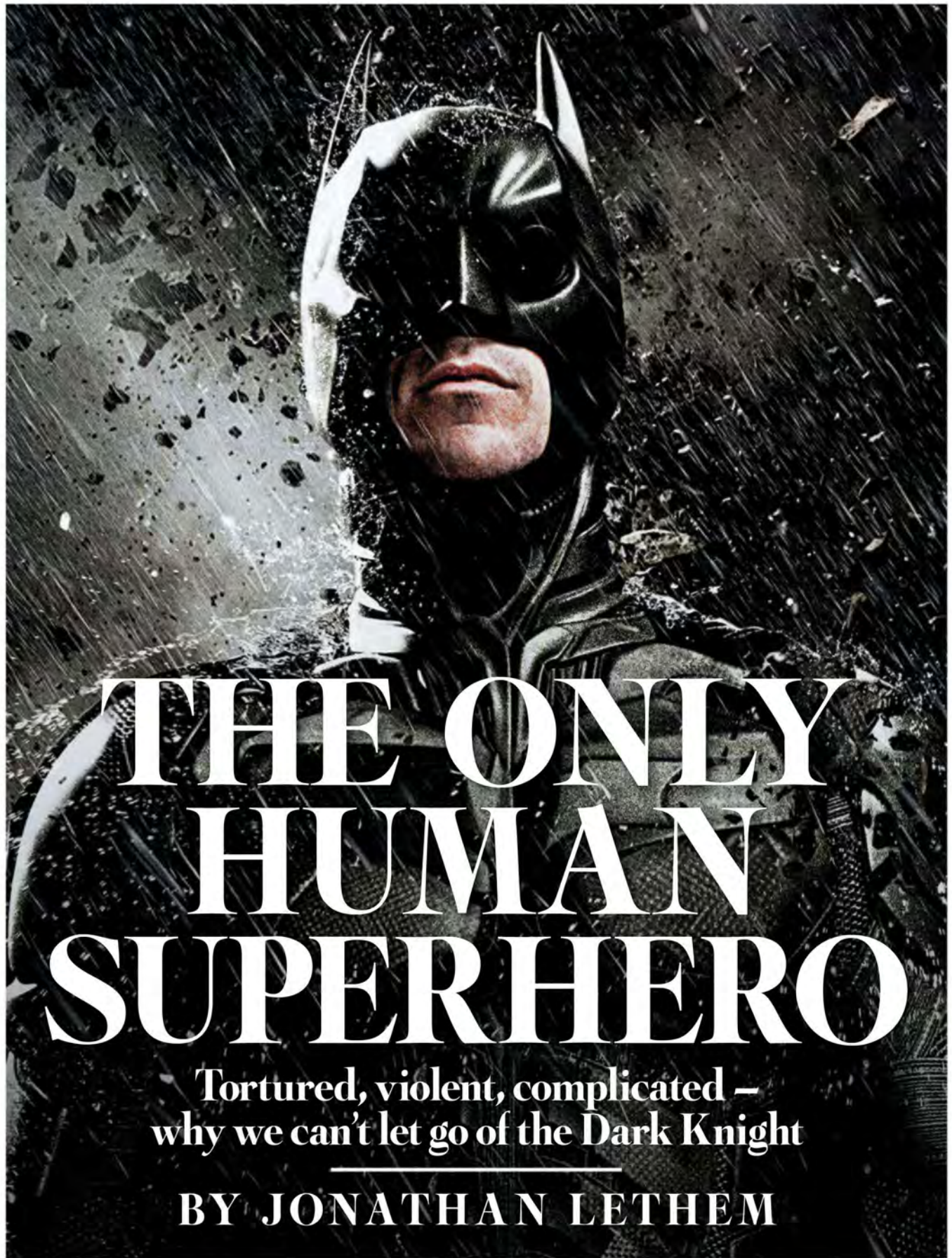
Braun has been managing Bieber since he was 13, and they have a unique relationship. Braun is fiercely protective, but also good about calling him on shit. "Did you ever read that article about Justin being a brat at *CSI*?" he asks. In 2010, Bieber appeared in an episode of *CSI*, after which one of the actors gave an interview calling him a brat and telling a story about him locking a producer in a closet. "My team told me everything went great," Braun says, "so I get on the phone to get to the bottom of this. The producer gets on – he's a stuffy dude, and he's like, 'Justin is incredibly unprofessional. He put his hand in a cake, he locked me in the closet...' And I said, 'Let me ask you a question. When he locked you in the closet – did you tell him you were angry?' He goes, 'No. I needed him to work, so I laughed.' And I said, 'So he saw you acknowledge his joke

ning. 'That's playful. That's still a kid.'"

He takes a sip of his beer. "Of course, I would like him to pull his pants up..."

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, in keeping with his duties as a professional music star, Justin Bieber participates in the making of music. It doesn't appear to take long – he works in chunks of 45 minutes or so – but it's the part of the process he loves the most.

One afternoon, Bieber is at a studio in West Hollywood on the same lot where Charlie Chaplin filmed *Modern Times* and Michael Jackson and friends recorded "We Are the World." He's here to do a revised version of his next single, "As Long as You Love Me," for international radio. "It usually has a rapper on it," he explains matter-of-factly, "but a lot of countries don't play rappers, so we have to do a version without." Instead, they're recording vocals for a bridge. One of Bieber's engineers, Josh Gudwin, cues up the music, and Bieber sits there for a few minutes, listening to the vocal guide track and reading the lyrics off a sheet of paper.



THE ONLY HUMAN SUPERHERO

Tortured, violent, complicated –
why we can't let go of the Dark Knight

BY JONATHAN LETHEM

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MY TWO-YEAR-OLD HAS A FAVORITE SUPERHERO: BATMAN. He's firm on this, though he's never read a Batman comic, nor seen a Batman movie. How does he know? He was given a Batman lunchbox, despite that, being two, he has no need of a lunchbox. He was given this Batman lunchbox to offset his older brother's being given a lunchbox featuring some other icon. Why did I select the Batman lunchbox? Impulsively. Perhaps it was some unconscious gesture. The first superhero I loved was Batman. The first drawing I recall attempting was a drawing of Batman. I remember painstakingly working to reproduce the bat emblem on his chest, the capsules lining his belt. I never renounced Batman; instead, it is as if his outline contains every other curiosity that would later overtake me; it is as if his outline contains me.

Perhaps Batman endures because he has a good name and a good mask, a nonclown costume, and no superpowers. The least infected by the absurdity of his category, he gives that hopeless category some small possibilities. Superman wears choo-choo-train pajamas; Batman wears an athletic version of a suit and overcoat. He's our first and most essential human superhero.

His original venue was *Detective Comics*. The overcoat that transforms into a cape and a cloak is a hard-boiled detective's trench coat. He cuts the figure of an ass-kicking Philip Marlowe, another solitary figure with the code of an urban knight. And he bears the stigma of his trauma, an injury in the past, much like the hard-boiled detective, whose own trauma is encoded in the meaning of a trench coat: trench warfare. The detective in a trench coat is a returning World War I veteran. The Batman is a veteran of a secret war of the self, injured in a way no civilian could ever adequately comprehend.

Another simple factor in his lasting appeal: Batman has the deepest rogues' gallery of any hero. If the enemy makes the man, he's made. Batman's greatest enemy is, of course, the Joker. Yet so many of his other nemeses, those coin flippers, those flightless birds, reproduce the Joker's unnerving unseriousness. In a deeper sense, Batman's real enemy is joking itself – mirth, mockery. He stands in opposition to the comical, even as he arises in the habit of the comic book. Batman conveys some grain of severity, of grim resolution, persistently betrayed by the glib, slick and foolish. He emits an urgent call to our serious selves, but Batman, who fights both crime and the existential abyss with the inadequate weapons of fists and gritted teeth, teeters on the brink of the ludicrous. It is our belief in his great purpose that sustains him.

Batman's famous refusal to wield a gun, the weapon that killed his parents, links him to the classic problem of the Western frontier, embodied by John Wayne and Jimmy Stewart in films like *The Searchers*, *Destry Rides Again* and *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*. That question being: Is the man violent enough to clear the path for civilization himself unfit to participate in civilized society? Batman resolves this paradox simply by removing his mask. In fact, his code is laughable on its face. The very first criminal he confronts, in *Detective* Number 27, plummets into a vat of acid; Batman declares this "a fitting ending for his kind." And his various gun surrogates – boomerangs, planes, money – are as lethal as they need to be. Batman is death. He's death denied, or mediated through the crude morality of Fate.

JONATHAN LETHEM profiled Bob Dylan in *RS 1008*. He is the author of *The Fortress of Solitude* and *Chronic City*.

Batman is also goth. His unbearable whiteness, his revenger's isolation, his animal-cultist's affiliations, his occupation of Gotham City. He stands as the hinge between the image of the superhero and that of the undead: vampires, werewolves, ghosts. In the shadow of Batman's legitimacy lurks a righteously Americanized Dracula – nocturnal, subterranean, a lady-killer. More than a trace of the decadent European image of the aristocratic monster still resides in Batman's secret identity. Yet the more seriously we take Bruce Wayne, the more likely we'll reject this rageful one-percenter, perpetuating his cycle of abuse. Wayne shares in none of Batman's deep existential necessity. Better to believe Batman is the true self, Bruce Wayne a mere shred, a residue. Batman only pretends still to be Bruce Wayne.

Adam West's Batman was axiomatic. He's impossible to erase, not because he exposed the Batman image as farcical but because the campiness made it all the more disturbing, a grain of intensity was nonetheless conveyed. And the cowl, never better. We would literally dream about the texture of the cowl; was it rubber, plastic, something else? Who drew those weird eyebrows? Why were the bat ears so small, yet perfect? This alchemy eluded later masters of Hollywood costume design. If Batman is a barometer of collective feelings about authority and state power, then Adam West was a yuppie's image of Batman, the equivalent of nominating a piglet for president. In any era, we get the Batman we deserve. The Chris Nolan version takes Frank Miller's brilliantly reactionary nihilist Batman of the Eighties and leaches out all the tragedy – leaving a state-sponsored psychopath Batman for our era of triumphalist remote-control revenge. He's the manned drone of 21st-century urban warfare.

Yet the character won't sit still. All the contradictory Batmen resound through each successive version, pointing up the baseline incoherence of the original. Go back again to *Detective* Number 27. There you discover that the point-of-view character in the story isn't Wayne or Batman, but Commissioner Gordon, who seems to conjure Batman as a furtive extension of his own denied impulses. The true Batman comes into focus at this crossroads, where a creature worthy of Kafka – emerging from his burrow wearing his traumatic identity humiliatingly on the outside of his body, like a bug's shell – meets the sadistic daydreams of a tired, sedentary policeman.

To make sense of it all, to resolve this cloud of contradictions, you'd need to go back to the beginning: You'd need to be two years old. You'd need to remember what it first felt like to glimpse a cowed avenger crossing a patch of night sky, his cape flared as he pounced on wrongdoers from above. You'd need a lunchbox.

Q&A

THE MAKING OF
THE DARK KNIGHT

Christopher Nolan on the end of the trilogy. By Brian Hiatt

BRUCE WAYNE HAS HAD A TOUGH TIME IN CHRISTOPHER NOLAN'S Gotham City. His house burned down; his girlfriend died; he became the city's most-wanted fugitive; his costume looks really uncomfortable. But in Nolan's third and final bat film, *The Dark Knight Rises*, the director gives Batman a gift that's almost always eluded the character over 73 years' worth of comic-book stories: a true ending. "That's the difference between a movie and a comic book," says Nolan. "And we have always treasured that difference."

You had your doubts that Catwoman could fit into your version of Batman's world – what did it take to get over it?

We threw away the idea of Catwoman completely and finally found a way to make that character live and breathe credibly and in our world. We constructed almost a film noir *femme fatale*, a grifter. That's something I could get my teeth into creatively.

And with no purring.

[Laughs] Exactly. Certainly, that was never going to make it in. But we've been through the same process with Christian on Batman, and very much with Heath on the Joker: There's the sense of you go, "OK, throw out everything you know about the icon; construct it as a real character." And then you wind up with a finished film, going, "OK, you know what? We kind of have a version of all of it in there." She does look like Catwoman. We found a way to put ears on her head that makes sense – for me, that was a big thing, figuring out that she has night-vision goggles, and she flips them on her head, and it makes a shape that looks like ears.

From "Batman Begins" on, you go to great lengths to justify every detail of these characters in real-world terms. Has anyone accused you of taking it all too seriously?

No! [Laughs] The idea was to take Batman and give him the grounding of any other movie hero from a Seventies or Eighties action movie. To me, it's just more entertaining when you can believe in the world and accept the physics of it.

You don't want people to have to just suspend their disbelief.

That always sort of short-circuits the drama; I want to see the filmmakers put the work into making you believe in this thing.

The movie's incredible opening IMAX sequence, with Bane's people attacking a plane in midflight, is even more over-the-top than the Hong Kong scenes in the second movie – are you trying to out-Bond the James Bond movies?

Well, that's always the attempt. I grew up watching those films obsessively. For me, the Bond films in the Seventies and Eighties always stood for the pinnacle of that kind of action, adventure-entertainment with real stunts, a lot of exotic locations. That for me is what represents scale in movies. A lot of the guys working on that opening sequence did the Bond films for years, and I avail myself of their expertise shamelessly.

It's also convenient that Morgan Freeman essentially plays Q. [Laughs] Yeah, I don't think I've been too subtle about the

ways in which I'm ripping off those movies. But I think because everybody else enjoys them, they've been kind of OK to let me rip them off and just kind of go with it.

You actually had stuntmen in midair; you actually built a massive set of Gotham City's sewers. How averse are you to CGI?

I don't want to sit back and say to the computer-graphics guys, "Go make it from nothing." So we try to use the visual effects for what they're best for, which is enhancing something that we've actually shot. There's great things you can do with computers. There's a lot of very fine visual-effects work in the film that people literally

don't even see – which is how they should be used. We try to keep up our end on the set and shoot absolutely anything we can.

The criticism you hear of more CGI-heavy movies is that they somehow feel weightless.

That's exactly what I'm trying to avoid. Animation is always going to feel slightly different to the audience than something that has been photographed for real and has a real weight to it. The world is too complicated to simulate mathematically. However sophisticated your tricks are, the audience is always going to be able to tell the difference on some subliminal level.

"Some men just want to watch the world burn" has become one of the most quoted lines in the past decade or so of movies. How did that particular Michael Caine monologue in the second movie come together?



It's something I wrote quite a long time before I actually started writing on the script. While my brother was writing the first draft, I had these odd bits and pieces – I write these sort of stream-of-consciousness monologues sometimes for a character that I know I'm going to use pieces of, but I don't know where or when. The idea was that it seemed absurd to us to try to provide a traditional motivation for a character like the Joker, who has to stand for absolute anarchy and chaos. I was looking for a way to express that.

Not once in "The Dark Knight Rises" is the word "Joker" spoken. I assume that was quite deliberate.

Very deliberate. I can only do what feels right to me, and to me, having lost a friend and a colleague, it felt like it would be very reductive to try and incorporate that somewhere into our fictional universe, and so I chose, out of respect for Heath, to completely not address the question of the Joker in this film.

If not for the tragedy of losing him, would this have been a very different film?

[Long pause] That's a parallel universe, so I have no idea. It would be a very different world in a lot of ways.

In the new movie, you have Bane more or less trick Gotham's 99 percent into rising up against the rich – is that intended as an anti-Occupy Wall Street statement?

I've had as many conversations with people who have seen the film the other way round. We throw a lot of things against the wall to see if it sticks. We put a lot of interesting questions in the air, but that's simply a backdrop for the story. What we're really trying to do is show the cracks of society, show the conflicts that somebody would try to wedge open. We're going to get wildly different interpretations of what the film is supporting and not supporting, but it's not doing any of those things. It's just telling a story. If you're saying, "Have you made a film that's supposed to be criticizing the Occupy Wall Street movement?" – well, obviously, that's not true.

But the movie certainly suggests that there's a great danger of populist movements being pushed too far.

If the populist movement is manipulated by somebody who is evil, that surely is a criticism of the evil person. You could also say the conditions the evil person is exploiting are problematic and should be addressed.

You must have your own opinions on all this.

Oh, I've got all sorts of opinions, but this isn't what we're doing here. I love when people get interested in the politics of it, when they see something in it that moves them in some way. But I'm not being disingenuous when I say that we write from a place of "What's the worst thing our villain Bane can do? What are we most afraid of?" He's going to come in and turn our world upside down. That has happened to other societies throughout history, many times, so why not here? Why not Gotham? We want something that moves people and gets under the skin.

Some people would say, inherently, from the beginning, that Batman is a right-wing character, who establishes law and order by pummeling criminals with his fists.

Yes, if you assume Gotham is the same as a place like New York City, but that's not the case. The corruption that drives Bruce Wayne to become Batman is very extreme. So, you know, your concept of "Does the end justify the means?" shifts according to the backdrop. And so the challenge of *Batman Begins* was to make us OK with the idea of vigilantism. The films genuinely aren't intended to be political. You don't want to alienate people, you want to create a universal story.

A lot of people would argue that all art is political.

But what's politics?

So would Bruce Wayne vote for Mitt Romney?

Before or after Bruce goes broke?

CELLULOID HERO

SCOTTISH COMIC-BOOK AUTEUR GRANT MORRISON IS convinced Batman is the medium's greatest character: "He's an outlaw. He's an inventor. He's a detective. He's got better gadgets than James Bond, and he looks like Dracula. He's got everything." As Morrison researched his superhero-history book, *Supergods*, he sat through every minute of Batman's TV and movie incarnations. Here's Morrison's guide:

1940s MOVIE SERIALS

"It's this utterly mundane, crushing idea of a Batman without money or commitment. He's climbing up his bat rope, Robin's helping him, and it takes, like, 10 minutes. That's the real-life version: an out-of-shape guy hauling himself up a rope, when he could have just as easily gone up the stairs."



1960s BATMAN TV SHOW

"It's really funny that they almost never mention Batman's parents being killed – there's no real explanation. The idea seems to be, he has loads of money, so why the fuck wouldn't he do this? He's out in the daylight – a pop-art figure, a living cartoon. When your grandmother just explodes into a block of ice, there's only one guy who can deal with that: not the plumber, not the fireman – Batman."

TIM BURTON'S EIGHTIES REVIVAL



"With Michael Keaton, you really felt that Bruce Wayne was this damaged child – and then you were willing to buy him as Batman. The Burton films feel claustrophobic now, with their closed sets. But at the time they were groundbreaking – they made people suddenly feel that this could all be taken seriously again."

JOEL SCHUMACHER ERA

"They were part of that Nineties recapitulation of the Sixties – like songs from Oasis' cocaine period. It felt like Schumacher hadn't bothered to look at anything since the *Batman* TV show. Chris O'Donnell plays this weird Robin who's too old for it – you can't imagine how he got caught up in this at all."

NOLAN'S REBOOT

"Anyone who tried telling stories after 9/11 noticed that the real world became horribly fictional – so all of our fictions seemed to aspire toward realism. In Nolan's films, Batman is a soldier, and it echoes the whole War on Terror. They're the best expression of Batman that's been done so far."



THE RESURFACING OF ANTHONY ERVIN

A one-time gold medalist, he disappeared in a haze of booze, smoke and anger. Now he's back to reclaim his title as the world's fastest swimmer **BY CONSTANTINE MARKIDES**

THE FASTEST SWIMMER in America right now may not be Michael Phelps or Ryan Lochte but a tattooed, half-black, half-Jewish grad student with Tourette's syndrome who has a history with hallucinogens, tobacco, fast motorcycles and rock & roll, and has more in common with Kurt Cobain than with anyone pictured on a Wheaties box. A more conventional athlete than the 31-year-old Anthony Ervin, who won a gold medal at the Sydney Games in 2000 and then walked away from the sport, would probably be looking at the London Olympics as the final act in a historic career. For Ervin, it's just another step in a puzzling and at times deeply troubled journey. "It's like déjà vu," Ervin says of qualifying for Team USA in the 50-meter freestyle event. "Except where once I was green, vain and ambitious, now I'm just grateful to be alive and bring joy to those I care about."

When he was 19 and stepped up to the blocks in Sydney, Ervin had already set a world record. But the buzz wasn't about his

speed, it was about his race. Ervin's mother is Jewish and his father is black, and he found himself defined as the "first African-American swimmer to make the Olympic team." After he climbed out of the pool in Sydney, beaming from his gold-medal victory, the sportscaster Jim Gray approached Ervin and asked what it felt like to be the first swimmer of African-American descent to win gold. Ervin gave a stock answer and walked away. "I didn't know a thing about what it was like to be part of the black experience," Ervin says today. "But now I do. It's like winning gold and having a bunch of old white people ask you what it's like to be black. That is my black experience."

The following year, Ervin won both the 50m and 100m freestyle at the World Championships in Japan, proving he was still the fastest swimmer on earth. But he may also have been the laziest. "I had a reputation for extraordinary talent matched only by extraordinary sloth," he says.

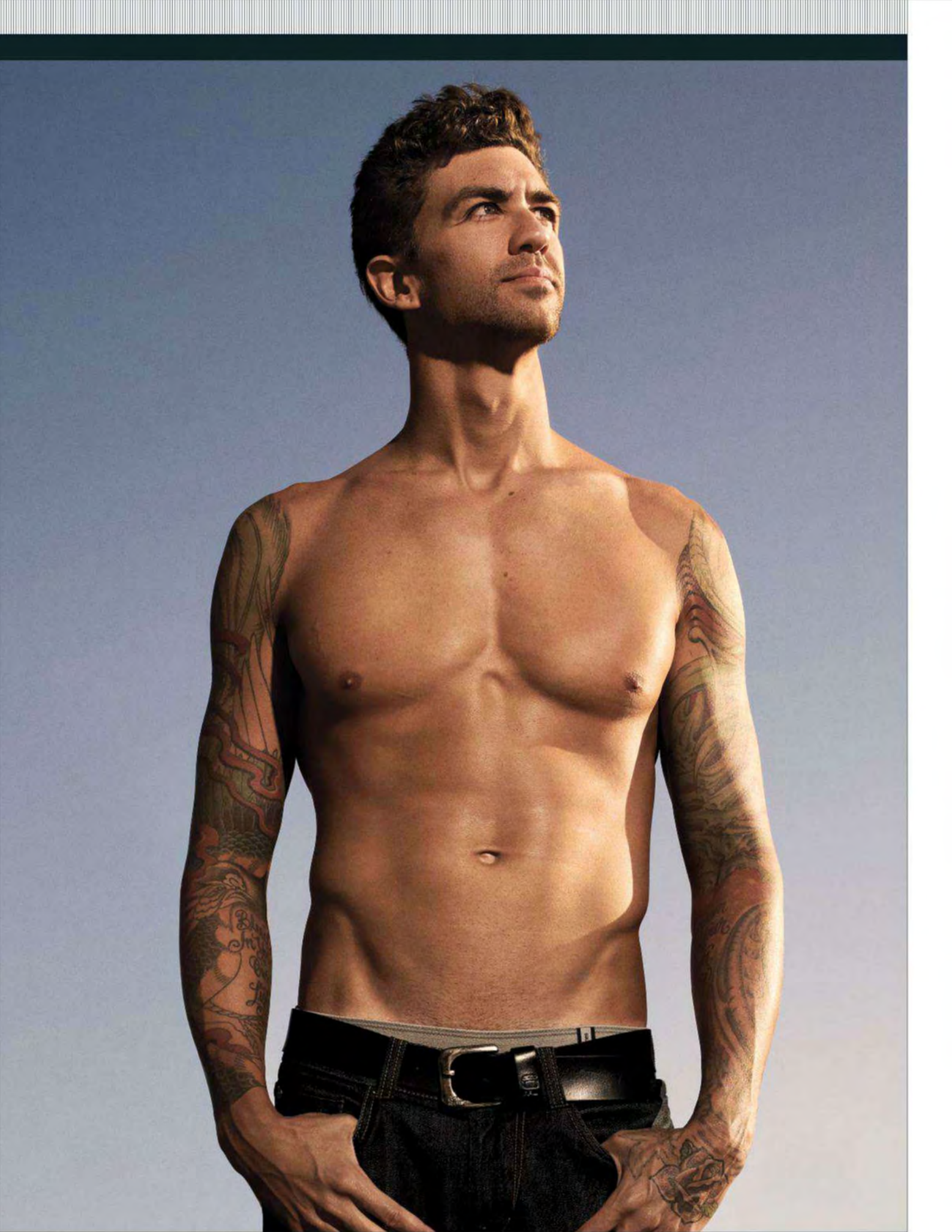
Burnt out and disillusioned by the age of 22, Ervin quit. He auctioned off his Olympic gold, gave the proceeds to the UNICEF tsunami relief fund and moved to New York to join a rock band, spending the next

few years on what was equal parts spiritual quest and bender. "When I gave it all up, I went into my chrysalis and did all my partying and self-actualizing in New York. I'd like to think that I'm emerging now as my moth. And I'm going to fly into the flames."

IN 1983, A TWO-YEAR-OLD ANTHONY Ervin crawled out from his sleeping mother's arms, slid open the glass patio door of his suburban L.A. home and toddled to the edge of the backyard pool. His mother, waking from her doze, rushed out to find him sitting on the pool edge, splashing his feet in the water. Within a week, contractors begin erecting a wrought-iron fence around the pool. To Ervin, the imposing barrier transformed the pool into an object of fascination and fear. "The pool came to represent freedom," he says. "A freedom that could potentially lead to annihilation."

By kindergarten, Ervin was displaying the behavior problems that plagued his childhood. "I was a little shit," he recalls. "A troublemaker, disobedient, no discipline." His parents enrolled him in a swim team, hoping he'd channel his aggression in the water. At seven he won his first competition, and soon he began breaking Cal-

PHOTOGRAPH BY ART STREIBER



ifornia records. As much as he reveled in the flush of victory, he began resenting the demands of the sport, which didn't allow him a normal social life. At nine he started running away from home, leading to serious conflicts with his parents. Life at home was tense. Ervin begged to quit swimming, but to no avail.

The spring before high school, Ervin developed a tic and would go into fits of rapid blinking. During emotional moments, he would start swearing excessively. A neurologist diagnosed him with Tourette's syndrome and prescribed tranquilizers. He became withdrawn, coming to view himself as "brain-damaged," he says. The feeling has stayed with him. "I've always felt the story of my life has been about being normal but on the fringes of abnormality."

He started acting out while on the road and was sent home from the regional championships because he was caught playing with fire in his hotel room, torching his bedsheets. He was barred from the championships for a year.

By senior year, though, he was one of the top two swimmers in the country and won a full scholarship to UC Berkeley. The freedom of being away from home overwhelmed him. In his first week there, he got drunk daily, smoked marijuana for the first time and lost his virginity. He quickly developed an interest in mind-altering drugs, experimenting with the gamut of psychedelics. As the 2000 U.S. Olympic trials neared, he began experimenting with lowering his dosage of tranquilizers for his Tourette's. The gamble paid off, and he made the Olympic team, setting up his run for the gold at Sydney.

Less than a year after his Olympic victory, Ervin's life effectively fell apart. He was drinking heavily and doing drugs. One morning he woke up in jail, with no memory of the previous night. Drinking soon took precedence over his classes and workouts and led to rampant womanizing. Women became, in his words, "objects to destroy at will," something that brought him shame even though "many were willing accomplices. There were so many phases of casual sex, which now seems repugnant. Not that I don't believe it's a livable lifestyle. I just don't think it's for me. I can't handle it."

As his personal life continued to bottom out, he sank into a depression. "Everyone pushed me to keep swimming, stay in school, blah blah, and nobody understood I was struggling. I just wanted it to be fucking over." One evening he downed all his tranquilizers and lost consciousness. "I woke up the next morning only to find I had failed to even kill myself," he says. "At

that point, I had a moment-with-God-type thing. I was reborn, in a way."

After his near-death experience, he developed a sense of invincibility: "If I can't destroy myself," Ervin recalls thinking, "maybe I can't be destroyed." He purchased a sport motorcycle. One afternoon, while riding out of the hills of Berkeley, he got into a high-speed chase with the cops and hit a red Mustang, dislocating his shoulder. "I should have died," he says.

In January 2004, at the age of 22, he quit swimming and college. He grew dreadlocks and cycled through a string



of jobs in music stores and tattoo parlors in the Bay Area. He began seeking out knowledge and experiences far removed from the pool. He went to church, meditated at a Buddhist temple. He studied philosophy with a Sufi mystic and

fasted for Ramadan. He also began a fitness regimen more suited for a debauched rock star. "Years of neglect and poisoning followed," he says. "After being forced to constantly abuse my body with labor, I wasn't going to do anything. But I was also reclaiming my body with the tattoos. I was giving myself

a new skin. I wanted to re-create myself."

Music gave him a freedom that athletics had not. "A lot of the macho stuff got turned on its head," he says. "I started moving toward things that were more effeminate and away from things that were classically masculine. I stopped playing the misogynist hip-hop that I listened to as an athlete and instead became all about rock & roll."

But life on the margins soon left Ervin broke. Then a former Cal teammate offered him a position teaching at a New York swim school he'd co-founded. At that

point, Ervin wasn't even thinking about returning to racing; he just needed a paycheck. In the company of kids who were even wackier than he was, he was able to enjoy the water without the stress of competition. "Coaching kids kept me grounded," Ervin says, "and didn't get me lost in rapidly obsessing over my body and performance."

Getting back in the pool also helped him quit all the bad habits he'd picked up. "My real bane was smoking pot and cigarettes," he says. "It's really been my Kryptonite. Once I got away from it, my body just resurged and kind of flourished."

In 2007, Ervin re-enrolled at Berkeley, though he'd return to New York in the summers to teach swimming. After graduating, he started a master's program at Cal in education. Following a battle with depression in 2010, he began swimming for emotional and physical rehab. "I just felt good, so I kept training," Ervin says. "That's all it was." The training organically led to some competitions, and at each meet his times steadily dropped until, one day, he found himself, once again, among the world's fastest. With the success and attention came a newfound competitive zeal, although he is wary of it. "As much as I hate to admit it, I now want to win," he says. "It's like a dangling carrot, and it changes my perception. That's why it's important for me to keep my objective eye sharp."

Ervin's event, the 50-meter freestyle sprint – one length down an Olympic-size pool – is swimming's glory event, the aquatic equivalent of the 100-meter dash. When he describes the sensation of cutting through the water, Ervin speaks of a "desperate search for a feeling of going faster, almost like chasing the dragon," he says. "My only technique is 'fast.' That's all I've got. It's abstract. Water is dissociative for me. It pulls me out of the realities of my life. A sanctuary. But, man, it wasn't a sanctuary for most of my youth. It was a prison."

Though a fierce competitor, Ervin remains ambivalent about the attention. "I'm not saving a life or detonating the sun," he says. "I'm just swimming one lap. It's a stunt, a well-performed acrobatic. And yet a lot of value is imposed on that. I believe that all things are done through the will of the gods. I don't believe I'm in charge of my destiny; forces are acting through me."

Today, Ervin trains with a razor focus. "Whereas my twenties were about experiencing and letting the cup overflow in a sensual sense – the sex, the drugs, the rock & roll – I feel I've been saturated with that. Now I'm trying to build and create."

Although still an outsider, he's come to embrace that status. "I don't feel alienated," Ervin says. "I just feel identity. Swimming now is me trying to reclaim what I didn't have when I was younger, the ethic and the love for it."

"Water is a sanctuary; it pulls me out of reality. But in my youth, it was a prison."



TRACK & FIELD

Trey Hardee

America's next great decathlete is trying to be the next Bruce Jenner – minus all those Kardashians

IF THEY HANDED OUT A MEDAL for Most Overexposed Olympic Team Member, Trey Hardee would be trading elbows with Lolo Jones in the sprint for gold. The 28-year-old two-time defending world champion in the decathlon seemed to be on the cover of a different magazine every week leading up to London – in most cases, wearing no shirt. “I bet I only have my shirt off for one shot,” Hardee says between workouts in his hometown of Austin. “But that’s the one shot that makes it in.” On the minus side, he says, it’s getting a little embarrassing. On the plus side, “In 20 years, I’ll have proof that one day I was in shape.”

Hardee is the latest in a long string of great American decathletes, including the

likes of Bruce Jenner, who won gold in 1976 before going on to be a successful stepfather to an army of Kardashians. Hardee isn’t sure why Americans are so good at the peculiar discipline that requires you to run fast, jump high and throw various objects far. “It’s the competitive nature of Americans – that Cold War, *Rocky* mentality that America is better than anyone.”

The sum total of being the best at 10 sports carried out over two grueling days means that if Hardee wins the gold, he will be branded “the best athlete on Earth.” The mellow Texan tries to downplay the hype: “It’s gonna be another track meet. The same decathlon I’ve been doing for 10 years. The only difference is, more people watch.”

JOSH DEAN

ARCHERY

Brady Ellison

Hayseed Hawkeye tries to become the world's greatest archer

LIKE MOST OLYMPIANS, BRADY Ellison’s story begins with a dream. Unlike most Olympians, it also begins with an impaled pig. “I didn’t kill my first animal with a bow until I was probably 14,” says the 23-year-old archer. “It was a javelina. It’s also called the collared pig. Actually, it’s more of a rodent.” Almost a decade since that fateful encounter, Ellison is the number-one-ranked archer on the planet and a favorite to win gold in London. And his signature down-home-hunter look – beat-up baseball cap, cowboy boots, big ol’ belt buckle, rangy backwoods beard – has given an obscure sport its first iconic athlete. “I’m more of a cowboy-type country than redneck-type country,” he says. “Although I’ve been called a redneck and a hick.” His father bought him his first bow and arrow at around age six, and Ellison developed his love of shooting while spending summers on his grandfather’s Arizona cattle ranch: “bow hunting, bow fishing – everything

“I’m more of a cowboy country than redneck country.”

I do involves the outdoors.” That background was well-suited to competitive archery, which he compares to golf in being as much about patience and mental dexterity as physical prowess; training for the Olympics involves monotonous 12-hour sessions where he’ll shoot at least 400 arrows. “There are times when you’re just at the point where you think, ‘It would be nice to go hunting,’” he says. **JON DOLAN**



SHADOWBOXING
Shields does mirror work.



BOXING

Claressa Shields

The toughest teenager in America takes her big shot

EXTREMELY DANGEROUS" was the description of Claressa Shields that the fifth-grade teacher wrote on the report to the principal. A fight had broken out. A boy had teased Shields, and she had unloaded punches on him. Not coincidentally, fifth grade was also the year Shields took up boxing. She'd had enough of feeling invisible and being bullied. She wanted to fight back. Today, Shields, 17, is a high school junior and the best amateur middleweight boxer in the country. She's the youngest member of the United States' inaugural Olympic women's boxing team and one of the most talented fighters of any gender, anywhere.

"Sometimes I feel like I can box like Joe Louis, sometimes I feel like I can box like

Sugar Ray Robinson," Shields says. "But usually I box like Tommy Hearns. I use a long jab and a stiff right hand."

Hearns is a good match. He's from Detroit. Shields is from Flint, a bombed-out city with the highest rate of violent crime in the country. And her background is one of those gritty ones the wise old men of boxing like to think produce champions. Shields' father was in and out of jail, her mother unemployed. She doesn't live with either of them. Instead, she lives with her coach. Maybe it's true that the travails of her childhood combined to make Shields so tough a fighter. "I don't fold," she says. "I love when somebody gets in the ring and thinks they're going to beat me and I know for a fact that I'm going to prove them wrong."

LUKE O'BRIEN

TABLE TENNIS vs. PING-PONG

The Olympic sport is so very different from that game you play drunk in the basement

Ariel Hsing, 16, is the highest-ranked of the four players on the U.S. Table Tennis team traveling to London. It should go without saying that any one of them could destroy you in ping-pong. Hsing explains exactly how her sport is different from yours.

1 Footwork is paramount: "You use your hands in ping-pong," Hsing says, "but you use your feet to play table tennis."

2 "You hit a ping-pong ball, but you spin a table-tennis ball." Hsing points out that ping-pong requires hand-eye coordination, as players tend to bat the ball in long rallies. Table tennis, though, "is a lot trickier," as top players deploy topspin, underspin, side-spin or, trickiest of all, no spin – which can be a killer when you've been deceived into expecting spin.

3 "Ping-pong is cheap, and table tennis can be expensive." Your average home paddle is a \$5 job from Target, and it lasts a lifetime, versus Hsing's rubber, which costs \$80 and she replaces every week.

4 Table tennis is best-of-seven games to 11, and the usual rally is much shorter than you'll see in the basement: "A typical rally is seven to nine balls. A really long rally is very rare."

5 It's bad form to skunk somebody in table tennis. Hsing says that there's an etiquette "if you're up 10-0, you mis-hit a serve to be polite. But that's dangerous – people have been up 10-0 and lost." JOSH DEAN



Hsing volleys.

SHOOTING

Corey Cogdell

The huntress raised in the American wilderness

COREY COGDELL, THE FIRST AMERICAN woman to medal in trapshooting – a sport in which competitors blast clay targets arcing across the sky – was raised in the wilds of Alaska, where her dad taught her to shoot at the age of three. She hunted and butchered her first rabbit at six. That's the sort of backstory that makes dating tough. "Men like the idea of going shooting with me, but once we get out there it's not so fun anymore," says the 25-year-old. "It takes *cojones* to be with me."

JESSE HYDE





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Security at Olympic Park



ORWELL'S OLYMPICS

High security and corporate paranoia in London

IN APRIL, THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT announced that, to safeguard the Olympic Park, surface-to-air missiles would be deployed on the rooftops of nearby apartments. Even at the height of Bush-era fearmongering, Donald Rumsfeld never deployed SAMs around Yankee Stadium. Sadly, London, the city where Churchill inspired the free world to "never surrender" to fascism, will be transformed – by the U.K.'s biggest security operation since World War II – into an armed encampment. Never have the Olympics been so militarized, so state-controlled and so corporate. The evidence is everywhere: a sonic weapon capable of emitting an ear-splitting 150-decibel tone to "influence behavior"; stop-and-search laws allowing cops to frisk anyone without probable cause; and the International Olympic Committee, concerned about social media, has the power to prosecute any ticketholder who uploads any kind of cellphone footage of the Games to his Facebook page.

"I swear to God, they're sitting there reading *1984*," says Kerry-anne Mendoza, spokeswoman for Our Olympics, a protest group born from the Occupy London movement, which plans to peacefully demonstrate throughout the Games. But existing laws and new regulations make political protest at the event virtually impossible. The authoritarianism should subside when the IOC leaves town. What may linger is the loss of civil liberties. The Games will leave a legacy. It just might not be the kind London needs. **LUKE O'BRIEN**

WEIGHTLIFTING

Holley Mangold

The strongest woman is also the funniest Olympian

HERE'S WHAT WOULD HAPPEN in a just world after the Olympics are over: Weightlifter Holley Mangold would no longer be known as the kid sister of New York Jets Pro Bowl center Nick Mangold. Instead, Nick would be known, at least until the opening week of the NFL season, as the older brother of Holley, the biggest, brassiest personality on the American Olympic team.

At five feet eight and 340 pounds, Holley, who competes in the superheavyweight division, is also, literally, one of the biggest athletes in London. "I wanted to be in the Olympics for gymnastics," she says. "But that didn't really pan out." What makes Mangold so compelling isn't merely her size or that she has seemingly zero hang-ups about it. "I love my body," she says. "I think it's perfect." It's not her strength – she benched 315 pounds and squatted 525 pounds in high school, where she played football and became the first woman to start in an Ohio state championship game. Rather, it's her sense of humor, honed in part because she's been teased so much about her weight.

"I love my body. I think it's perfect. God sent it to me. I signed for it."

Her genre of comedy? What else but self-deprecating fat jokes? "I'm a superheavyweight for a reason," says Mangold, 22. "I don't like to avoid food. I like to embrace it. God gave me this body. He sent it to me. I signed for it."

Mangold has always been the biggest, funniest, most self-assured girl in the room. Now, she's also a contender to win a medal. At trials, she hit a 242-pound snatch and a 320-pound clean-and-jerk for a personal best of 562, which earned her one of only two spots on the women's team: "It's hopefully paving the way for more women to realize they don't have to be crazy-manly and crazy-feminine. They can be a mixture of both." OK, truly admirable, but what's the deal with the belt weightlifters wear? "It keeps your stomach out of the way." **LUKE O'BRIEN**



BMX

Arielle Martin

BMX racer has waited four years for a chance at redemption

YOU WOULD HOPE THAT NO OLYMPIAN needs extra motivation to win medals, but BMX racer Arielle Martin, 27, has some just in case. Four years ago, she was ranked eighth in the world and needed only to finish a world-championship race a few weeks before Beijing in order to clinch a spot. And she was comfortably in second place when she came in to a jump too

fast, overshot the landing and crashed. "It came down to one race, one lap, and I blew it," Martin says. Her crash caused the U.S. team to drop out of the top four in the world rankings, which meant it could send only one racer instead of two, and that racer was her close friend Jill Kintner. "It was pretty devastating," Martin says. "I was top eight in the world and didn't make the Olympics." She had to reset her goals and prepare to wait four long years. "The day after Beijing it felt like it would be a lifetime away until London," she says. But she rededicated herself to racing. Two months after the Olympics, she won a World Cup series race. "And now I'm just days away from being there."

JOSH DEAN



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THE RECK

Climate change has some scary new math: three simple numbers that add up to global catastrophe – and that make clear who the real enemy is

BY BILL McKIBBEN

Illustration by Edel Rodriguez

IF THE PICTURES OF THOSE TOWERING WILDFIRES in Colorado haven't convinced you, or the size of your AC bill this summer, here are some hard numbers about climate change: June broke or tied 3,215 high-temperature records across the United States. That followed the warmest May on record for the Northern Hemisphere – the 327th consecutive month in which the temperature of the entire globe exceeded the 20th-century average, the odds of which occurring by simple chance were 3.7×10^{-99} , a number considerably larger than the number of stars in the universe. ♦ Meteorologists reported that this spring was the warmest ever recorded for our nation – in fact, it crushed the old record by so much that it represented the “largest temperature departure from average of any season on record.” The same week, Saudi authorities reported that it had rained in Mecca despite a temperature of 109 degrees, the hottest downpour in the planet's history. ♦ Not that our leaders seemed to notice. Last month the world's nations, meeting in Rio for the 20th-anniversary reprise of a massive 1992 environmental summit, accomplished nothing. Unlike George H.W. Bush, who flew in for the first conclave,



ONING



Barack Obama didn't even attend. It was "a ghost of the glad, confident meeting 20 years ago," the British journalist George Monbiot wrote; no one paid it much attention, footsteps echoing through the halls "once thronged by multitudes." Since I wrote one of the first books for a general audience about global warming way back in 1989, and since I've spent the intervening decades working ineffectively to slow that warming, I can say with some confidence that we're losing the fight, badly and quickly – losing it because, most of all, we remain in denial about the peril that human civilization is in.

When we think about global warming at all, the arguments tend to be ideological, theological and economic. But to grasp the seriousness of our predicament, you just need to do a little math. For the past year, an easy and powerful bit of arithmetical analysis first published by financial analysts in the U.K. has been making the rounds of environmental conferences and journals, but it hasn't yet broken through to the larger public. This analysis upends most of the conventional political thinking about climate change. And it allows us to understand our precarious – our almost-but-not-quite-finally hopeless – position with three simple numbers.

THE FIRST NUMBER

2° Celsius

IF THE MOVIE HAD ENDED IN HOLLYWOOD FASHION, the Copenhagen climate conference in 2009 would have marked the culmination of the global fight to slow a changing climate. The world's nations had gathered in the December gloom of the Danish capital for what a leading climate economist, Sir Nicholas Stern of Britain, called the "most important gathering since the Second World War, given what is at stake." As Danish energy minister Connie Hedegaard, who presided over the conference, declared at the time: "This is our chance. If we miss it, it could take years before we get a new and better one. If ever."

In the event, of course, we missed it. Copenhagen failed spectacularly. Neither China nor the United States, which between them are responsible for 40 percent of global carbon emissions, was prepared to offer dramatic concessions, and so the conference drifted aimlessly for two weeks until world leaders jetted in for the final day. Amid considerable chaos, President Obama took the lead in drafting a face-saving "Copenhagen Accord" that fooled very few. Its purely voluntary agreements committed no one to anything, and even if countries signaled their intentions to cut carbon emissions, there was no enforcement mechanism. "Copenhagen is a crime scene tonight," an angry Greenpeace official declared, "with the guilty men and women fleeing to the airport." Headline writers were

BILL MCKIBBEN is a scholar in residence at Middlebury College and the founder of the grassroots climate campaign 350.org. One of the nation's leading environmental journalists, he wrote *"The Pipeline Revolt"* in RS 1141.



SMOKE SIGNAL More than 32,000 people in Colorado were evacuated in June as wildfires engulfed 18,000 acres – the most destructive blaze in the state's history.

equally brutal: COPENHAGEN: THE MUNICH OF OUR TIMES? asked one.

The accord did contain one important number, however. In Paragraph 1, it formally recognized "the scientific view that the increase in global temperature should be below two degrees Celsius." And in the very next paragraph, it declared that "we agree that deep cuts in global emissions are required... so as to hold the increase in global temperature below two degrees Celsius." By insisting on two degrees – about 3.6 degrees Fahrenheit – the accord ratified positions taken earlier in 2009 by the G8, and the so-called Major Economies Forum. It was as conventional as conventional wisdom gets. The number first gained prominence, in fact, at a 1995 climate conference chaired by Angela Merkel, then the German minister of the environment and now the center-right chancellor of the nation.

Some context: So far, we've raised the average temperature of the planet just under 0.8 degrees Celsius, and that has caused far more damage than most scientists expected. (A third of summer sea ice in the Arctic is gone, the oceans are 30 percent more acidic, and since warm air holds more water vapor than cold, the atmosphere over the oceans is a shocking five percent wetter, loading the dice for devastating floods.) Given those impacts, in fact, many scientists have come to think that two degrees is far too lenient a target. "Any number much above one degree involves a gamble," writes Kerry Emanuel of MIT, a leading authority on hurricanes, "and the odds become less and less favorable as the temperature goes up." Thomas Lovejoy, once the World Bank's chief biodiversity adviser, puts it like this: "If we're seeing what we're seeing today at 0.8 degrees Celsius, two degrees is simply too much." NASA scientist James Hansen, the planet's most prominent climatologist, is even blunter: "The target that has been talked about in international negotiations for two degrees of warming is actually a prescription for long-term disaster." At the Copenhagen summit, a spokesman for small island nations warned that many would not survive a two-degree rise: "Some countries will flat-out disappear." When delegates from developing nations were warned that two

degrees would represent a "suicide pact" for drought-stricken Africa, many of them started chanting, "One degree, one Africa."

Despite such well-founded misgivings, political realism bested scientific data, and the world settled on the two-degree target – indeed, it's fair to say that it's the only thing about climate change the world has settled on. All told, 167 countries responsible for more than 87 percent of the world's carbon emissions have signed on to the Copenhagen Accord, endorsing the two-degree target. Only a few dozen countries have rejected it, including Kuwait, Nicaragua and Venezuela. Even the United Arab Emirates, which makes most of its money exporting oil and gas, signed on. The official position of planet Earth at the moment is that we can't raise the temperature more than two degrees Celsius – it's become the bottomest of bottom lines. Two degrees.

THE SECOND NUMBER

565 Gigatons

SCIENTISTS ESTIMATE THAT HUMANS CAN POUR roughly 565 more gigatons of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere by midcentury and still have some reasonable hope of staying below two degrees. ("Reasonable," in this case, means four chances in five, or somewhat worse odds than playing Russian roulette with a six-shooter.)

This idea of a global "carbon budget" emerged about a decade ago, as scientists began to calculate how much oil, coal and gas could still safely be burned. Since we've increased the Earth's temperature by 0.8 degrees so far, we're currently less than halfway to the target. But, in fact, computer models calculate that even if we stopped increasing CO₂ now, the temperature would likely still rise another 0.8 degrees, as previously released carbon continues to overheat the atmosphere. That means we're already three-quarters of the way to the two-degree target.

How good are these numbers? No one is insisting that they're exact, but few dispute that they're generally right. The 565-gigaton figure was derived from one of the most sophisticated computer-simulation models that have been built by climate scientists around the world over the past few decades. And the number is being further confirmed by the latest climate-simulation models currently being finalized in advance of the next report by the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change. "Looking at them as they come in, they hardly differ at all," says Tom Wigley, an Australian climatologist at the National Center for Atmospheric Research. "There's maybe 40 models in the data set now, compared with 20 before. But so far the numbers are pretty much the same. We're just fine-tuning things. I don't think much has changed over the last decade." William Collins, a senior climate scientist at the Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory, agrees. "I think the results of this round of simulations will be quite similar," he says. "We're not getting any free lunch from additional understanding of the climate system."

We're not getting any free lunch from the world's economies, either. With only a single year's lull in 2009 at the height of the financial crisis, we've continued to pour record amounts of carbon into the atmosphere, year after year. In late May, the International Energy Agency published its

latest figures – CO₂ emissions last year rose to 31.6 gigatons, up 3.2 percent from the year before. America had a warm winter and converted more coal-fired power plants to natural gas, so its emissions fell slightly; China kept booming, so its carbon output (which recently surpassed the U.S.) rose 9.3 percent; the Japanese shut down their fleet of nukes post-Fukushima, so their emissions edged up 2.4 percent. "There have been efforts to use more renewable energy and improve energy efficiency," said Corinne Le Quéré, who runs England's Tyndall Centre for Climate Change Research. "But what this shows is that so far the effects have been marginal." In fact, study after study predicts that carbon emissions will keep growing by roughly three percent a year – and at that rate, we'll blow through our 565-gigaton allowance in 16 years, around the time today's preschoolers will be graduating from high school. "The new data provide further evidence that the door to a two-degree trajectory is about to close," said Fatih Birol, the IEA's chief economist. In fact, he continued, "When I look at this data, the trend is perfectly in line with a temperature increase of about six degrees." That's almost 11 degrees Fahrenheit, which would create a planet straight out of science fiction.

So, new data in hand, everyone at the Rio conference renewed their ritual calls for serious international action to move us back to a two-degree trajectory. The charade will continue in November, when the next Conference of the Parties (COP) of the U.N. Framework Convention on Climate Change convenes in Qatar. This will be COP 18 – COP 1 was held in Berlin in 1995, and since then the process has accomplished essentially

nothing. Even scientists, who are notoriously reluctant to speak out, are slowly overcoming their natural preference to simply provide data. "The message has been consistent for close to 30 years now," Collins says with a wry laugh, "and we have the instrumentation and the computer power required to present the evidence in detail. If we choose to continue on our present course of action, it should be done with a full evaluation of the evidence the scientific community has presented." He pauses, suddenly conscious of being on the record. "I should say, a *fuller evaluation* of the evidence."

So far, though, such calls have had little effect. We're in the same position we've been in for a quarter-century: scientific warning fol-

lowed by political inaction. Among scientists speaking off the record, disgusted candor is the rule. One senior scientist told me, "You know those new cigarette packs, where governments make them put a picture of someone with a hole in their throats? Gas pumps should have something like that."

THE THIRD NUMBER

2,795 Gigatons

THIS NUMBER IS THE SCARIEST OF ALL – ONE that, for the first time, meshes the political and scientific dimensions of our dilemma. It was highlighted last summer by the Carbon Tracker Initiative, a team of London financial analysts and environmentalists who published a report in an effort to educate investors about the possible risks that climate change poses to their stock portfolios. The number describes the amount of carbon

already contained in the proven coal and oil and gas reserves of the fossil-fuel companies, and the countries (think Venezuela or Kuwait) that act like fossil-fuel companies. In short, it's the fossil fuel we're currently planning to burn. And the key point is that this new number – 2,795 – is higher than 565. Five times higher.

The Carbon Tracker Initiative – led by James Leaton, an environmentalist who served as an adviser at the accounting giant PricewaterhouseCoopers – combed through proprietary databases to figure out how much oil, gas and coal the world's major energy companies hold in reserve. The numbers aren't perfect – they don't fully reflect the recent surge in unconventional energy sources like shale gas, and they don't accurately reflect coal reserves, which are subject to less stringent reporting requirements than oil and gas. But for the biggest companies, the figures are quite exact: If you burned everything in the inventories of Russia's Lukoil and America's ExxonMobil, for instance, which lead the list of oil and gas companies, each would release more than 40 gigatons of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere.

Which is exactly why this new number, 2,795 gigatons, is such a big deal. Think of two degrees Celsius as the legal drinking limit – equivalent to the 0.08 blood-alcohol level below which you might get away with driving home. The 565 gigatons is how many drinks you could have and still stay below that limit – the six beers, say, you might consume in an evening. And the 2,795 gigatons? That's the three 12-packs the fossil-fuel industry has on the table, already opened and ready to pour.

We have five times as much oil and coal and gas on the books as climate scientists think is safe to burn. We'd have to keep 80 percent of those reserves locked away underground to avoid that fate. Before we knew those numbers, our fate had been likely. Now, barring some massive intervention, it seems certain.

Yes, this coal and gas and oil is still technically in the soil. But it's already economically aboveground – it's figured into share prices, companies are borrowing money against it, nations are basing their budgets on the presumed returns from their patrimony. It explains why the big fossil-fuel companies have fought so hard to prevent the regulation of carbon dioxide – those reserves are their primary asset, the holding that gives their companies their value. It's why they've worked so hard these past years to figure out how to unlock the oil in Canada's tar sands, or how to drill miles beneath the sea, or how to frack the Appalachians.

If you told Exxon or Lukoil that, in order to avoid wrecking the climate, they couldn't pump out their reserves, the value of their companies would plummet. John Fullerton, a former managing director at JP Morgan who now runs the Capital Institute, calculates that at today's market value, those 2,795 gigatons of carbon emissions are worth about \$27 trillion. Which is to say, if you paid attention to the scientists and kept 80 percent of it underground, you'd be writing off \$20 trillion in assets. The numbers aren't exact, of course, but that carbon bubble makes the housing bubble look small by comparison. It won't necessarily burst – we might well burn all that carbon, in which case investors will do fine. But if we do, the planet will crater. You can have a healthy fossil-fuel balance sheet, or a relatively healthy planet – but now that we know the numbers, it looks like you can't have both. Do the math: 2,795 is five times 565. That's how the story ends.

SO FAR, AS I SAID AT THE START, ENVIRONMENTAL efforts to tackle global warming have failed. The planet's emissions of carbon dioxide continue to soar, especially as developing countries emulate (and supplant) the industries of the West. Even in rich countries, small reductions in emissions offer no sign of the real break with the status quo we'd need to upend the iron logic of these three numbers. Germany is one of the only big countries that has actually tried hard to change its energy mix; on one sunny Saturday in late May, that northern-latitude nation generated nearly half its power from solar panels within its borders. That's a small miracle – and it demonstrates that we have the technology to solve our problems. But we lack the will. So far, Germany's the exception; the rule is ever more carbon.

This record of failure means we know a lot about what strategies *don't* work. Green groups, for instance, have spent a lot of time trying to change individual lifestyles: the iconic twisty light bulb has been installed by the millions, but so have a new generation of energy-sucking flatscreen TVs. Most of us are fundamentally ambivalent about going green: We like cheap flights to warm places, and we're certainly not going to give them up if everyone else is still taking them. Since all of us are in some way the beneficiaries of cheap fossil fuel, tackling climate change has been like trying to build a movement against yourself – it's as if the gay-rights movement had to be constructed entirely from evangelical preachers, or the abolition movement from slaveholders.

People perceive – correctly – that their individual actions will not make a decisive difference in the atmospheric concentration of CO₂; by 2010, a poll found that “while recycling is widespread in America and 73 percent of those polled are paying bills online in order to save paper,” only four percent had reduced their utility use and only three percent had purchased hybrid cars. Given a hundred years, you could conceivably change lifestyles enough to matter – but time is precisely what we lack.

A more efficient method, of course, would be to work through the political system, and environmentalists have tried that, too, with the same limited success. They've patiently lobbied leaders, trying to convince them of our peril and assuming that politicians would heed the warnings. Sometimes it has seemed to work. Barack Obama, for instance, campaigned more aggressively about climate change than any president before him – the night he won the nomination, he told supporters that his election would mark the moment “the rise of the oceans began to slow and the planet began to heal.” And he has achieved one significant change: a steady increase in the fuel efficiency mandated for automobiles. It's the kind of measure, adopted a quarter-century ago, that would have helped enormously.

But in light of the numbers I've just described, it's obviously a very small start indeed.

At this point, effective action would require actually keeping most of the carbon the fossil-fuel industry wants to burn safely in the soil, not just changing slightly the speed at which it's burned. And there the president, apparently haunted by the still-echoing cry of “Drill, baby, drill,” has gone out of his way to frack and mine. His secretary of interior, for instance, opened up a huge swath of the Powder River Basin in Wyoming for coal extraction: The total basin contains some 67.5 gigatons worth of carbon (or more than 10 percent of the available atmospheric space). He's doing the same thing with Arctic and offshore drilling; in fact,

We have five times as much fossil fuel on the books as scientists think is safe to burn. Before we knew that, our fate was likely. Now it seems certain.

as he explained on the stump in March, "You have my word that we will keep drilling everywhere we can.... That's a commitment that I make." The next day, in a yard full of oil pipe in Cushing, Oklahoma, the president promised to work on wind and solar energy but, at the same time, to speed up fossil-fuel development: "Producing more oil and gas here at home has been, and will continue to be, a critical part of an all-of-the-above energy strategy." That is, he's committed to finding even more stock to add to the 2,795-gigaton inventory of unburned carbon.

Sometimes the irony is almost Borat-scale obvious: In early June, Secretary of State Hillary Clinton traveled on a Norwegian research trawler to see firsthand the growing damage from climate change. "Many of the predictions about warming in the Arctic are being surpassed by the actual data," she said, describing the sight as "sobering." But the discussions she traveled to Scandinavia to have with other foreign ministers were mostly about how to make sure Western nations get their share of the estimat-

Orinoco deposits are larger than Alberta's – taken together, they'd fill up the whole available atmospheric space.

SO: THE PATHS WE HAVE TRIED TO TACKLE GLOBAL warming have so far produced only gradual, halting shifts. A rapid, transformative change would require building a movement, and movements require enemies. As John F. Kennedy put it, "The civil rights movement should thank God for Bull Connor. He's helped it as much as Abraham Lincoln." And enemies are what climate change has lacked.

But what all these climate numbers make painfully, usefully clear is that the planet does indeed have an enemy – one far more committed to action than governments or individuals. Given this hard math, we need to view the fossil-fuel industry in a new light. It has become a rogue industry, reckless like no other force on Earth. It is Public Enemy Number One to the survival of

our planetary civilization. "Lots of companies do rotten things in the course of their business – pay terrible wages, make people work in sweatshops – and we pressure them to change those practices," says veteran anti-corporate leader Naomi Klein, who is at work on a book about the climate crisis. "But these numbers make clear that with the fossil-fuel industry, wrecking the planet is their business model. It's what they do."

According to the Carbon Tracker report, if Exxon burns its current reserves, it would use up more than seven percent of the available atmospheric space between us and the risk of two degrees. BP is just behind, followed by the Russian firm Gazprom, then Chevron, ConocoPhillips and Shell, each of which would fill between three and four percent. Taken together, just these six firms, of the 200 listed in the Carbon Tracker report, would use up more than a quarter of the remaining two-degree budget. Severstal, the Russian mining giant, leads the list of coal companies, followed by firms like BHP Billiton and Peabody. The numbers are

simply staggering – this industry, and this industry alone, holds the power to change the physics and chemistry of our planet, and they're planning to use it.

They're clearly cognizant of global warming – they employ some of the world's best scientists, after all, and they're bidding on all those oil leases made possible by the staggering melt of Arctic ice. And yet they relentlessly search for more hydrocarbons – in early March, Exxon CEO Rex Tillerson told Wall Street analysts that the company plans to spend \$37 billion a year through 2016 (about \$100 million a day) searching for yet more oil and gas.

There's not a more reckless man on the planet than Tillerson. Late last month, on the same day the Colorado fires reached their height, he told a New York audience that global warming is real, but dismissed it as an "engineering problem" that has "engineering solutions." Such as? "Changes to weather patterns that move crop-production areas around – we'll adapt to that." This in a week when Kentucky farmers were reporting that corn kernels were "aborting" in record heat, threatening a spike in global food prices. "The fear factor that people want to throw out there to say, 'We just have to stop this,' I do not accept," Tillerson said. Of course not – if he did accept it, he'd have to keep his reserves in the ground. Which would cost him money. It's not an engineering problem, in other words – it's a greed problem.

You could argue that this is simply in the nature of these companies – that having found a profitable vein, they're compelled to keep mining it, more like efficient automatons than people



HOT PROPERTY A dried-up reservoir in Indiana. The Midwest and South have been slammed by a record-breaking heat wave, which has already claimed dozens of lives.

ed \$9 trillion in oil (that's more than 90 billion barrels, or 37 gigatons of carbon) that will become accessible as the Arctic ice melts. Last month, the Obama administration indicated that it would give Shell permission to start drilling in sections of the Arctic.

Almost every government with deposits of hydrocarbons straddles the same divide. Canada, for instance, is a liberal democracy renowned for its internationalism – no wonder, then, that it signed on to the Kyoto treaty, promising to cut its carbon emissions substantially by 2012. But the rising price of oil suddenly made the tar sands of Alberta economically attractive – and since, as NASA climatologist James Hansen pointed out in May, they contain as much as 240 gigatons of carbon (or almost half of the available space if we take the 565 limit seriously), that meant Canada's commitment to Kyoto was nonsense. In December, the Canadian government withdrew from the treaty before it faced fines for failing to meet its commitments.

The same kind of hypocrisy applies across the ideological board: In his speech to the Copenhagen conference, Venezuela's Hugo Chavez quoted Rosa Luxemburg, Jean-Jacques Rousseau and "Christ the Redeemer," insisting that "climate change is undoubtedly the most devastating environmental problem of this century." But the next spring, in the Simon Bolivar Hall of the state-run oil company, he signed an agreement with a consortium of international players to develop the vast Orinoco tar sands as "the most significant engine for a comprehensive development of the entire territory and Venezuelan population." The

with free will. But as the Supreme Court has made clear, they are people of a sort. In fact, thanks to the size of its bankroll, the fossil-fuel industry has far more free will than the rest of us. These companies don't simply exist in a world whose hungers they fulfill – they help create the boundaries of that world.

Left to our own devices, citizens might decide to regulate carbon and stop short of the brink; according to a recent poll, nearly two-thirds of Americans would back an international agreement that cut carbon emissions 90 percent by 2050. But we aren't left to our own devices. The Koch brothers, for instance, have a combined wealth of \$50 billion, meaning they trail only Bill Gates on the list of richest Americans. They've made most of their money in hydrocarbons, they know any system to regulate carbon would cut those profits, and they reportedly plan to lavish as much as \$200 million on this year's elections. In 2009, for the first time, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce surpassed both the Republican and Democratic National Committees on political spending; the following year, more than 90 percent of the Chamber's cash went to GOP candidates, many of whom deny the existence of global warming. Not long ago, the Chamber even filed a brief with the EPA urging the agency not to regulate carbon – should the world's scientists turn out to be right and the planet heats up, the Chamber advised, "populations can acclimatize to warmer climates via a range of behavioral, physiological and technological adaptations." As radical goes, demanding that we change our physiology seems right up there.

Environmentalists, understandably, have been loath to make the fossil-fuel industry their enemy, respecting its political power and hoping instead to convince these giants that they should turn away from coal, oil and gas and transform themselves more broadly into "energy companies." Sometimes that strategy appeared to be working – emphasis on *appeared*. Around the turn of the century, for instance, BP made a brief attempt to restyle itself as "Beyond Petroleum," adapting a logo

that looked like the sun and sticking solar panels on some of its gas stations. But its investments in alternative energy were never more than a tiny fraction of its budget for hydrocarbon exploration, and after a few years, many of those were wound down as new CEOs insisted on returning to the company's "core business." In December, BP finally closed its solar division. Shell shut down its solar and wind efforts in 2009. The five biggest oil companies have made more than \$1 trillion in profits since the millennium – there's simply too much money to be made on oil and gas and coal to go chasing after zephyrs and sunbeams.

Much of that profit stems from a single historical accident: Alone among businesses, the fossil-fuel industry is allowed to dump its main waste, carbon dioxide, for free. Nobody else gets that break – if you own a restaurant, you have to pay someone to cart away your trash, since piling it in the street would breed rats. But the fossil-fuel industry is different, and for sound historical reasons: Until a quarter-century ago, almost no one knew that CO₂ was dangerous. But now that we understand that carbon is heating the planet and acidifying the oceans, its price becomes the central issue.

If you put a price on carbon, through a direct tax or other methods, it would enlist markets in the fight against global warming. Once Exxon has to pay for the damage its carbon is doing to the atmosphere, the price of its products would rise. Consumers would get a strong signal to use less fossil fuel – every time they stopped at the pump, they'd be reminded that you don't need a semimilitary vehicle to go to the grocery store. The economic playing field would now be a level one for nonpolluting energy sources. And you could do it all without bankrupting citizens – a so-called "fee-and-dividend" scheme would put a hefty tax on coal and gas and oil, then simply divide up the proceeds, sending everyone in the country a check each month for their share of the added costs of carbon. By switching to cleaner energy sources, most people would actually come out ahead.

WHO OWNS THE CARBON

Financial researchers in London have compiled a list of the total potential CO₂ stored in the planet's known reserves of fossil fuels – a climate-killing stockpile of 2,795 gigatons. If the top 200 corporations burn their share of the reserves – barely a fourth of the total – the resulting spike in the Earth's temperature would spark a global catastrophe by 2050. Here are the 10 biggest polluters, whose combined reserves of the world's oil, coal and natural gas could generate two-thirds of a havoc-wreaking temperature spike.

COMPANY	COUNTRY	TYPE OF RESERVES	GIGATONS	% OF SPIKE
1. Severstal	Russia	Coal	141.60	25.1
2. Lukoil	Russia	Oil & Gas	43.56	7.7
3. ExxonMobil	U.S.	Oil & Gas	41.03	7.3
4. BP	U.K.	Oil & Gas	34.60	6.1
5. Gazprom	Russia	Oil & Gas	28.83	5.1
6. Chevron	U.S.	Oil & Gas	21.22	3.8
7. ConocoPhillips	U.S.	Oil & Gas	19.14	3.4
8. Total S.A.	France	Oil & Gas	18.02	3.2
9. Anglo American	U.K.	Coal	16.75	3.0
10. Royal Dutch Shell	Netherlands	Oil & Gas	16.20	2.9

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There's only one problem: Putting a price on carbon would reduce the profitability of the fossil-fuel industry. After all, the answer to the question "How high should the price of carbon be?" is "High enough to keep those carbon reserves that would take us past two degrees safely in the ground." The higher the price on carbon, the more of those reserves would be worthless. The fight, in the end, is about whether the industry will succeed in its fight to keep its special pollution break alive past the point of climate catastrophe, or whether, in the economists' parlance, we'll make them internalize those externalities.

IT'S NOT CLEAR, OF COURSE, THAT THE POWER OF the fossil-fuel industry *can* be broken. The U.K. analysts who wrote the Carbon Tracker report and drew attention to these numbers had a relatively modest goal – they simply wanted to remind investors that climate change poses a very real risk to the stock prices of energy companies. Say something so big finally happens (a giant hurricane swamps Manhattan, a megadrought wipes out Midwest agriculture) that even the political power of the industry is inadequate to restrain legislators, who manage to regulate carbon. Suddenly those Chevron reserves would be a lot less valuable, and the stock would tank. Given that risk, the Carbon Tracker report warned investors to lessen their exposure, hedge it with some big plays in alternative energy.

"The regular process of economic evolution is that businesses are left with stranded assets all the time," says Nick Robins, who runs HSBC's Climate Change Centre. "Think of film cameras, or typewriters. The question is not whether this will happen. It will. Pension systems have been hit by the dot-com and credit crunch. They'll be hit by this." Still, it hasn't been easy to convince investors, who have shared in the oil industry's record profits. "The reason you get bubbles," sighs Leaton, "is that everyone thinks they're the best analyst – that they'll go to the edge of the cliff and then jump back when everyone else goes over."

So pure self-interest probably won't spark a transformative challenge to fossil fuel. But moral outrage just might – and that's the real meaning of this new math. It could, plausibly, give rise to a real movement.

Once, in recent corporate history, anger forced an industry to make basic changes. That was the campaign in the 1980s demanding divestment from companies doing business in South Africa. It rose first on college campuses and then spread to municipal and state governments; 155 campuses eventually divested, and by the end of the decade, more than 80 cities, 25 states and 19 counties had taken some form of binding economic action against companies connected to the apartheid regime. "The end of apartheid stands as one of the crowning accomplishments of the past century," as Archbishop Desmond Tutu put it, "but we would not have succeeded without the help of international pressure," especially from "the divestment movement of the 1980s."

The fossil-fuel industry is obviously a tougher opponent, and even if you could force the hand of particular companies, you'd still have to figure out a strategy for dealing with all the sovereign nations that, in effect, act as fossil-fuel companies. But the link for college students is even more obvious in this case. If their college's endowment portfolio has fossil-fuel stock, then their educations are being subsidized by investments that guarantee they won't have much of a planet on which to make use of their

degree. (The same logic applies to the world's largest investors, pension funds, which are also theoretically interested in the future – that's when their members will "enjoy their retirement.") "Given the severity of the climate crisis, a comparable demand that our institutions dump stock from companies that are destroying the planet would not only be appropriate but effective," says Bob Massie, a former anti-apartheid activist who helped found the Investor Network on Climate Risk. "The message is simple: We have had enough. We must sever the ties with those who profit from climate change – now."

Movements rarely have predictable outcomes. But any campaign that weakens the fossil-fuel industry's political standing clearly increases the chances of retiring its special breaks. Consider President Obama's signal achievement in the climate fight, the large increase he won in mileage requirements for cars. Scientists, environmentalists and engineers had advocated such policies for decades, but until Detroit came under severe financial pressure, it was politically powerful enough to fend them off. If people come to understand the cold, mathematical truth – that the fossil-fuel

industry is systematically undermining the planet's physical systems – it might weaken it enough to matter politically. Exxon and their ilk might drop their opposition to a feed-and-dividend solution; they might even decide to become true energy companies, this time for real.

Even if such a campaign is possible, however, we may have waited too long to start it. To make a real difference – to keep us under a temperature increase of two degrees – you'd need to change carbon pricing in Washington, and then use that victory to leverage similar shifts around the world. At this point, what happens in the U.S. is most important for how it will influence China and India, where emissions are growing fastest. (In early

June, researchers concluded that China has probably underreported its emissions by up to 20 percent.) The three numbers I've described are daunting – they may define an essentially impossible future. But at least they provide intellectual clarity about the greatest challenge humans have ever faced. We know how much we can burn, and we know who's planning to burn more. Climate change operates on a geological scale and time frame, but it's not an impersonal force of nature; the more carefully you do the math, the more thoroughly you realize that this is, at bottom, a moral issue; we have met the enemy and they is Shell.

Meanwhile the tide of numbers continues. The week after the Rio conference limped to its conclusion, Arctic sea ice hit the lowest level ever recorded for that date. Last month, on a single weekend, Tropical Storm Debby dumped more than 20 inches of rain on Florida – the earliest the season's fourth-named cyclone has ever arrived. At the same time, the largest fire in New Mexico history burned on, and the most destructive fire in Colorado's annals claimed 346 homes in Colorado Springs – breaking a record set the week before in Fort Collins. This month, scientists issued a new study concluding that global warming has dramatically increased the likelihood of severe heat and drought – days after a heat wave across the Plains and Midwest broke records that had stood since the Dust Bowl, threatening this year's harvest. You want a big number? In the course of this month, a quadrillion kernels of corn need to pollinate across the grain belt, something they can't do if temperatures remain off the charts. Just like us, our crops are adapted to the Holocene, the 11,000-year period of climatic stability we're now leaving... in the dust. ☘

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to climate change.
As radical goes,
demanding that we
change our physiology
seems right up there.



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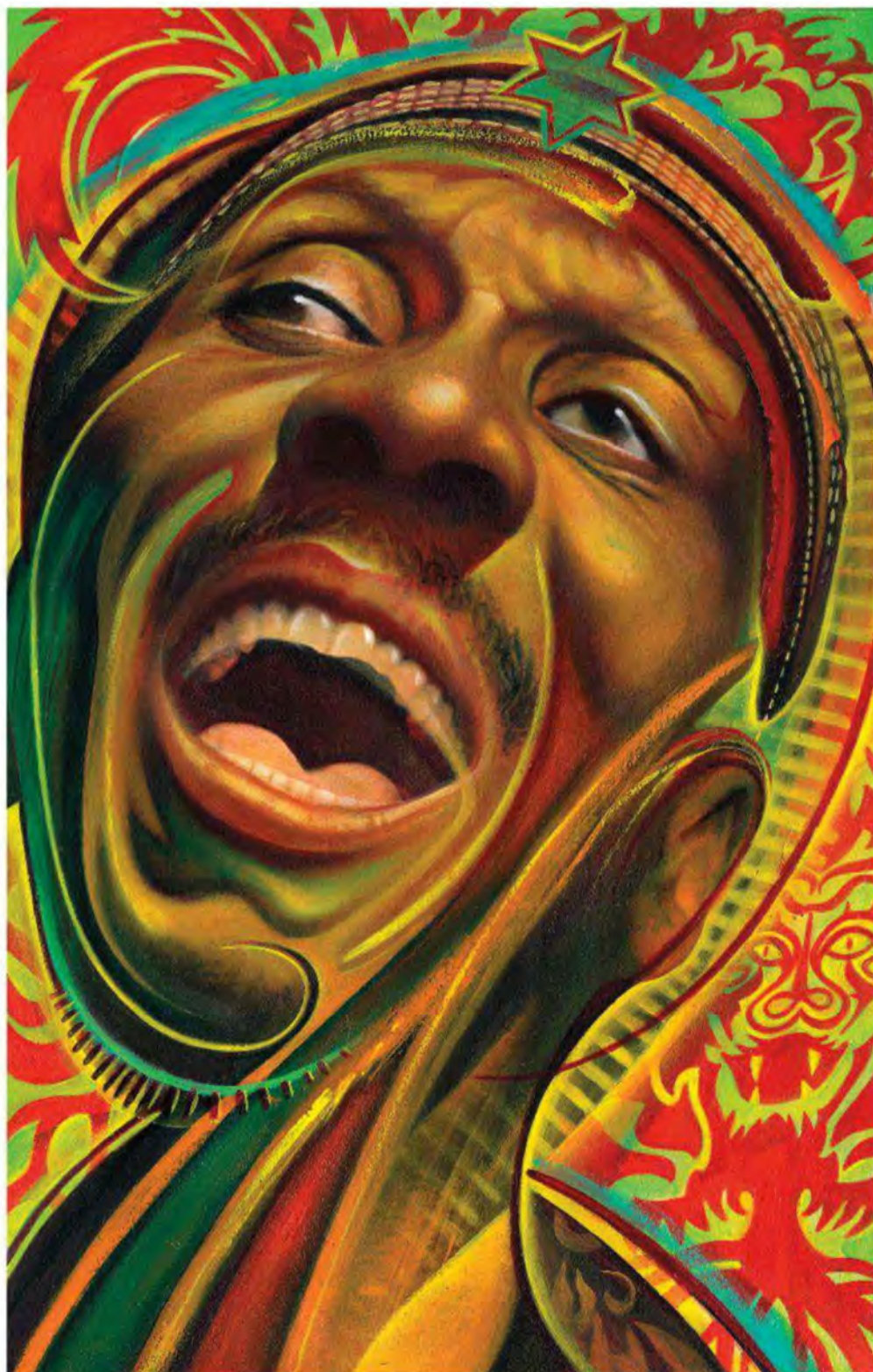
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Jimmy Cliff's Sweet Roots Revival



A reggae giant revitalizes the music he helped invent four decades ago



Jimmy Cliff

Rebirth Universal Music Enterprises

★★★★

BY WILL HERMES

Before Bob Marley, there was Jimmy Cliff—the singer whose 1970 single “Vietnam” was allegedly called “the greatest protest song ever written” by Bob Dylan, who inspired Paul Simon to fly to Jamaica and hire Cliff’s backing band to cut “Mother and Child Reunion,” and who starred in *The Harder They Come*, the 1972 film that broke reggae globally and whose Cliff-centered soundtrack initially defined the genre. Then Marley grabbed the spotlight, and Cliff became a crossover ambassador, touring the globe on lukewarm LPs that rarely captured his early magic.

But *Rebirth* does that and more—it’s the strongest case for the vitality of West Indian roots music that anyone has made in decades. Cliff has a fan in Rancid frontman-turned-producer Tim Armstrong, whose band backs him throughout, nailing old-school rhythms and arrangements flush with ska-style brass and rocksteady organ shuffles. The singer’s warm, high tenor sounds weathered but Iggy Pop-muscular on originals that straddle past and present. “Now there’s gathering on Main Street/Shuffling on Wall Street,” he sings on “Children’s Bread,” a jam riddled with grunts and hollers. It’s a traditional Jamaican sufferer’s anthem that addresses the

Occupy generation with spooky accuracy.

Rebirth comes at a time when the revival of vintage American R&B is everywhere – see Sharon Jones, Adele, Black Keys, Raphael Saadiq and the late Amy Winehouse – as artists discover or rediscover the power of horn charts and soul singing sans Auto-Tune. Cliff has cooked up an album good enough that it might kick off a similar revisiting of Jamaica's homegrown iterations of that music – reggae, rocksteady, ska.

But *Rebirth* isn't just about Cliff reconnecting with the styles he helped invent; it's also about him exploring his own backstory. "Reggae Music" is a vivid Marley-style history lesson that name-checks veteran producer Leslie Kong, Cliff's early hitmaking colleagues Alton Ellis and Ken Boothe, and the prolific Dynamic Sound Studios in Kingston. "Cry No More" is a lover's rock lullaby, with Cliff's falsetto time-ravaged and no less poignant for it. "Outsider" echoes the American soul that profoundly informed Jamaican music of the era, an update of Cliff's 1967 Motown tribute "Give and Take."

Most of the originals are strong enough to pass as covers of classic jams. The actual covers, meanwhile, are spot on. "World Upside Down" revises the lyrics of a Joe Higgs reggae gem, shifting the tempo up toward ska and the sentiment from hippie ruefulness to preacher outrage. Rancid's "Ruby Soho" is transformed from a Jamaican-music mash note into the genuine article. Best of all is the acoustic take on the Clash's "Guns of Brixton." Cliff sings it with steely understatement for a new era of urban resistance, and the lyrical reference to the film that changed Cliff's life – and reggae itself – only deepens the song's resonance. "You see, he feels like Ivan," Cliff sings. "Born under the Brixton sun/His game is called surviving/At the end of *The Harder They Come*." It's the sound of history circling in wondrous ways.

LISTEN NOW!

Hear key tracks from these albums at rollingstone.com/albums.



Gaslight, with Fallon (second from right)

Gaslight Anthem: Jersey Punks Aim for the Gut

Quartet amp up – and find a sweet spot between cornball sincerity and punk intensity

The Gaslight Anthem *Handwritten* Mercury ★★★½



"Have you seen my heart?" asks Brian Fallon on the Gaslight Anthem's fourth album. "Have you seen how it bleeds?" Have we ever. There is no shortage of earnest anthemic rock in the 21st century, but no one wears their bleeding hearts on their sleeves quite like Fallon and his mates. Gaslight aren't regal like Coldplay or Arcade Fire; on their major-label debut they remain proudly provincial New Jersey punks, who sing about deep feelings with a sincerity that could make Bono blush.

Handwritten is Gaslight's biggest-sounding, most straightforward album. The hints of Motown and dub are gone, but superproducer Brendan O'Brien supplies bite and gleam. With his newsboy caps, sleeves of tattoos and wiry intensity, Fallon can come off like a barista getting high on his own supply. But he's a ferocious vocalist, and his way with a hook and Springsteen-schooled sense of drama make these songs more cathartic than cornball. Listen to "Handwritten," where he growls over lashing guitars, "What's your favorite song?/That's mine, I've been crying to it since I was young." Then there's "Too Much Blood," the power-ballad centerpiece. "Are you scared this sounds familiar?" he cries. Fallon isn't scared of anything: not of sounding familiar, not of coming off heavy-handed. That fearlessness serves him well.

KEY TRACKS: "Too Much Blood," "45"

JODY ROSEN



Dirty Projectors

Swing Lo Magellan Domino

★★★★½

Sexy-geek Brooklyn indie rockers strip it down

The much-anticipated follow-up to *Bitte Orca*, Dirty Projectors' 2009 art-rock breakthrough, is billed as "simple and direct." But that's a relative statement with a band this squirrely. Sure, there are love songs, big choruses and sticky melodies. Then there are chamber-music dissonances, talking-drumbeat sputters and quotation-marked power chords. The ripe alto of Angel Deradoorian, on hiatus, is missed, although oddball harmonies still carry the day. On "Irresponsible Tune," leader Dave Longstreth harnesses the magic of bygone vocal groups like the Orioles and the Comedian Harmonists, singing about "a world crooked, fucked up and wrong" and, briefly, makes it right.

WILL HERMES



Nas

Life Is Good Def Jam

★★★★½

A hip-hop don stays on his game while pushing 40

Nas appears on the cover of his 10th LP holding the wedding dress of ex-wife Kelis. But this is no Drake-style sob story. It's just that nowadays, he cuts his rhymes with midlife realism and daring empathy ("Could you imagine writing your deposition/Divorce lawyer telling how this going to be ending," he raps on "Bye Baby"). Nas discourses on parenting ("Daughters") and senseless violence ("Accidental Murderers," with Rick Ross), and shreds any doubts about his MC prowess ("The Don") over crisp, Nineties-tinged beats. Using a leftover Amy Winehouse vocal on "Cherry Wine" was an attention-grabbing move he didn't need: His words alone keep us glued.

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TOP SINGLES

Green Day Come Around

Green Day "Oh Love" ★★★★★

The only politics in the first single from Green Day's imminent three-album blitz are the sexually urgent kind, and the sole whiff of opera comes when Billie Joe Armstrong sings, "Oh love/ Won't you rain on me tonight?" – a neat allusion to the climax of the Who's *Quadrophenia*. Otherwise, this song is a tight, addicting bundle of pop-hook class and crunchy-punk fundamentals. The entire first verse is Armstrong singing like the stark solo John Lennon – just a bright, strident vocal and crisply strummed guitar. But when Armstrong's bandmates fall in around him, Green Day sound the way you originally loved 'em, and refreshed: heavier and hardened from their time in the trenches but back in the garage, ready for rapture. **DAVID FRICKE**



Mike Dirnt,
Tré Cool and
Armstrong
(from left)

Kanye's Dark, Frantic Celebration of Kanye

Kanye West, feat. Pusha T "New God Flow"

★★★★½

Kanye previewed this new single – which will appear on *Cruel Summer*, a showcase for his G.O.O.D. label – in a breathlessly barked quasi-freestyle a cappella at the BET Awards. The song itself has the same vibe of frantic triumphalism: a gospel sample, a dark bum-rush beat and Pusha T setting the table for Kanye comparing himself to everyone from LeBron to Biggie to MLK to Rodney King, and – in an even more audacious, "Is nothing sacred?!" flourish – bragging that his new sneaker line is better than the Air Jordan. He's more than a New God. He's a Human Hashtag. **JON DOLAN**

The Killers: Over-the-Top, and Then Some

The Killers "Runaways" ★★★★★



Flowers

The first single from the first Killers album in four years is an Eighties-rock fever dream that's crazily big, even by their grandiose standards: a Vesuvian gusher of Springsteen mythos, Toto-Journey power hooks and singer Brandon Flowers' unmistakable commitment to unmistakable commitment. Flowers leans into this tale of doomed American romance like he's the first rock & roll dreamer – or maybe the last – who ever thought it'd be a cool idea to describe blond hair blowing in the summer wind or to compare sex to a car engine. Kind of cool, kind of ridiculous, and Vegas all the way. **J.D.**

SHORT CUTS

Owl City and Carly Rae Jepsen

"Good Time"

★★★★½

Twerpy electro-pop savant Owl City tries his hand at straight-ahead dance beats, teaming with the "Call Me Maybe" singer for high-glucose cuteness. Jepsen shows a knack for playing the befuddled teen-dramedy heroine, while Owl City's Adam Young shows he was better at Disneyfying the Postal Service than he is at driving David Guetta to Gap Kids. **J.D.**

The xx

"Angels"

★★★★½

The Brit indie-pop trio float a naked lover's plea over moon-shadow shoegaze guitar. Romy Madley Croft seems strung between a breakup and a breakdown, yet totally in control of the moment. **J.D.**

Tim Maia

"Imunização Racional (Que Beleza)"

★★★★½

This 1976 soul grenade previews a forthcoming anthology that's taken years of crate-digging and cross-licensing. A Brazilian morph of Curtis Mayfield and Barry White, Maia sings of enlightenment via Cultura Racional, the space-obsessed, Scientology-style religious cult, which sounds pretty darn groovy. **WILL HERMES**

Dan Deacon

"True Thrush"

★★★★½

The Baltimore cult fave pushes his crazy beat mutations further toward celebratory laptop pop. "Show me the sky, tell me I'm home," he murmurs, as a dense fog of hand claps, synths and guitars helps make this a blurry beaut. **MICHAELANGELO MATOS**

BOOTLEGS

Iron Maiden

Comcast Center
Mansfield, Massachusetts

June 26th, 2012

Like Rush, Iron Maiden aren't a band that caters to the casual fan. You're either in the cult or you're not. And if you're in, this is the tour you've been waiting for: Recent set lists have been based around Maiden's legendary 1988 tour, and the band and singer Bruce Dickinson sound just like they did 24 years ago. Songs like "The Trooper," "The Number of the Beast" and "Iron Maiden" were never pop hits, but that doesn't stop every single person in the audience from rapturously singing along to every single word of them. **ANDY GREENE**



Dickinson

Bob Dylan

Junge Garden
Dresden, Germany

July 3rd, 2012

When you're Bob Dylan, you're allowed to take an abrupt U-turn in the middle of a song. This gig begins with Dylan and the band performing "Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat," but after a few lines, Dylan begins singing "Watching the River Flow." Thankfully, the band adjusts almost immediately – and the show improves from there. As he's done all summer, Dylan spends half the evening at a grand piano, which sounds better than the keyboard he's been playing for a decade and gives a lift to "Visions of Johanna" and "Under the Red Sky." His voice is more gnarled than ever, but the high point is a chilling "Ballad of a Thin Man," which uses a novel echo effect on Dylan's voice and turns raggedness into an asset. **A.G.**

LISTEN NOW! Hear these songs and more hot new tracks at rollingstone.com/songs.



Alejandro Escovedo

Big Station Fantasy/Concord

★★★★½

Punk-schooled roots rocker calls on his inner Bob

"Dylan dropped acid in the limelight," sings Tex-Mex singer-songwriter Alejandro Escovedo on "Headstrong Crazy Fools," savoring the recklessness of youth with a James Jamerson bass line and a Lou Reed rhyme scheme. Escovedo nods to his forebears here, as on 2008's *Real Animal*. "Bottom of the World" and "San Antonio Rain" echo "Queen Jane Approximately" and "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues," young Dylan's means applied to different ends: those of a 61-year-old rock & roll lifer staring down hard-luck cases with unsparing empathy. If the songs don't always transcend their references, they rarely feel less than lived.

WILL HERMES

King Tuff

Throwback garage pop that's highly catchy and a little baked

King Tuff Sub Pop ★★★★★½

ARTIST TO WATCH

According to "Keep on Movin'," a bright, T. Rex-style boogie from his second album, Kyle Thomas' guitar doesn't shred; it "drools." That's an appropriate visual for the Vermont-bred singer-songwriter, who calls himself King Tuff: Thomas' greasy, thoroughly catchy garage pop makes him sound like a particularly talented stoner from the convenience-store parking lot. Black-and-blue bruiser "Anthem" benefits from chicken-fried riffing, and the boisterous, bar-fight blues rocker "Stranger" revs up like a street hog with a busted muffler. But Thomas usually sounds too pie-eyed to actually cause trouble – see "Alone and Stoned," a buoyant celebration of getting baked and listening to music, complete with lyrics like "Stare at all the shit in your bedroom/And take a walk on the moon." And he's just as good in slower moments. The piano-bar gospel of "Swamp of Love," where he tenderly croons, "Why is love so easy to bleed?" suggests that under the leather jacket and taco-stained Ramones T-shirt beats a genuine human heart.

J. EDWARD KEYES

KEY TRACKS: "Alone and Stoned," "Anthem"

Kyle Thomas



KEY FACTS

HOMETOWN Bennington, Vermont

BACKSTORY After releasing his 2008 debut as King Tuff, Thomas spent the next few years playing in other bands – including the folky Feathers, and Witch, a metal outfit led by J Mascis of Dinosaur Jr.

SOUND Easily likable guitar pop from a guy who's clearly paid attention to his T. Rex, Big Star and Cheap Trick records.

THE MOTOWN SOUND (SORT OF) Thomas recorded *King Tuff* at the Malcolm X Academy, an abandoned high school in Detroit.

67



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Passion Pit

Gossamer Columbia

★★★½

Pop-wise Massachusetts guys try to dance themselves clean

Passion Pit's 2009 debut was a hog pile of neon dance beats and helium-falsetto hooks, undercut by Michael Angelakos' endearingly heartsick lyrics. Their second disc is roomier and more varied: "Carried Away" packs an afternoon of early-Eighties MTV into three minutes, and "Take a Walk" sets lyrics about the Great Recession to stomping disco pop, displaying Angelakos' gift for making pain feel like pleasure. **JON DOLAN**



Chris Brown

Fortune RCA

★★★

Star has slick tunes, same old obnoxious persona

Brown's fifth LP sounds great on the surface: "Bassline" is based on an elegant dubstep wobble, and his vocal on "Stuck on Stupid" matches its midtempo grandeur. But deep listening means getting cozy with a guy so reviled mosquitoes won't bite him; Brown brags about his extra-large condoms, and, on "Don't Judge Me," turns a tender love song into a Twitter rant against "haters." It will have a broad audience. **MAURA JOHNSTON**



The bisexual black bohemian: Ocean

Frank Ocean's Future-Soul Torch Songs

On his debut, the Odd Future singer spins bad love into a moody and mesmerizing R&B opus

Frank Ocean *Channel Orange* Island Def.Jam ★★★★★



Frank Ocean made headlines when he revealed that his first love was a man, but the question isn't who he loves. It's how he loves: ardently, recklessly, yet knowingly, with wisdom beyond his years. There are echoes of soul forebears on Ocean's first official LP – Stevie Wonder, Sly Stone, Prince – but his feel for romantic tragedy links him to an older tradition: He is a torch singer. He's also his own man, a distinctive voice with no real analogue in R&B. His stories are of decadent, sun-dazzled L.A., set against Seventies funk, Eighties electro and moody hip-hop. Sometimes his grooves turn formless, and his lyrics dissolve into New Age-y goop. But when he reins himself in, the music is startling. "You know you were my first time, a new feel/It won't ever get old, not in my soul," he sings in "Thinkin Bout You," his falsetto rippling over woozy keyboards and electronic percussion. It's a bisexual, black, bohemian, New Orleanian-turned-Angeleno's progressive R&B torch anthem. And, of course, it's a heartbreak song – for anyone, anywhere, who's found love, and lost it. **JODY ROSEN**

KEY TRACKS:
"Pyramids,"
"Super Rich Kids"



Zac Brown Band

Uncaged Southern Ground/Atlantic

★★★½

Country seven-piece whiffs on follow-up to hit album

As an unkempt, self-contained septet conquering country's clean-cut, studio-musician world, Zac Brown Band are easy to root for. But the band's third LP, *Uncaged*, sounds, well, caged: plenty of polite back-porch bluegrass picking, antiseptic mountain harmonies, a pair of low-calorie attempts at Caribbean lilt with mushily sentimental lyrics about drifting like the river and the wind. **CHUCK EDDY**



Baroness

Yellow & Green Relapse

★★★½

Southern metal band breaks through with feral grandeur

This Georgia metal band's most accessible record is this sprawling, 75-minute double album. The edges are smoother and the choruses more pronounced than before, but they're still as marauding and feral as ever. The Yellow disc is more immediate ("March to the Sea" is Fugazi via Rush); Green is artier, stretching filmy guitars across monk-like vocals. It adds up to a thrilling hard-rock epic. **J. EDWARD KEYES**

DVDS



Jagger and Waters

Muddy Waters/The Rolling Stones: Checkerboard Lounge

Eagle Vision ★★★★★



The Stones arrived like big shots for Waters' November 1981 gig at Buddy Guy's Chicago club, causing a ruckus in the front seats. But when the jamming starts in this dynamic film, shot by the Stones on an off-night from their own tour, the bluesman, then 66, is in total charge. He snarls like a lusty bear in "Mannish Boy," a duet with Mick Jagger, and cues Ron Wood and Keith Richards' guitar breaks like they work for him. In turn, the Stones repay Waters' influence with a mature, controlled fire – evidence of lessons learned. **DAVID FRICKE**

The Big Easy Express

S2BN Films ★★★★★



Last year, Mumford & Sons, Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros, and Old Crow Medicine Show toured from Oakland to New Orleans, riding only in vintage trains. Filmmaker Emmett Malloy documented the nonstop locomotive jam on- and offstage. Sharpe and his Zeros perform amid desert brush near the Mexican border; the Mumfords jam with the Austin High School Marching Band; and the tour ends with members of all three bands wailing together on the gospel standard "This Train Is Bound for Glory" so joyfully that they collapse onto the stage. **BARRY WALTERS**



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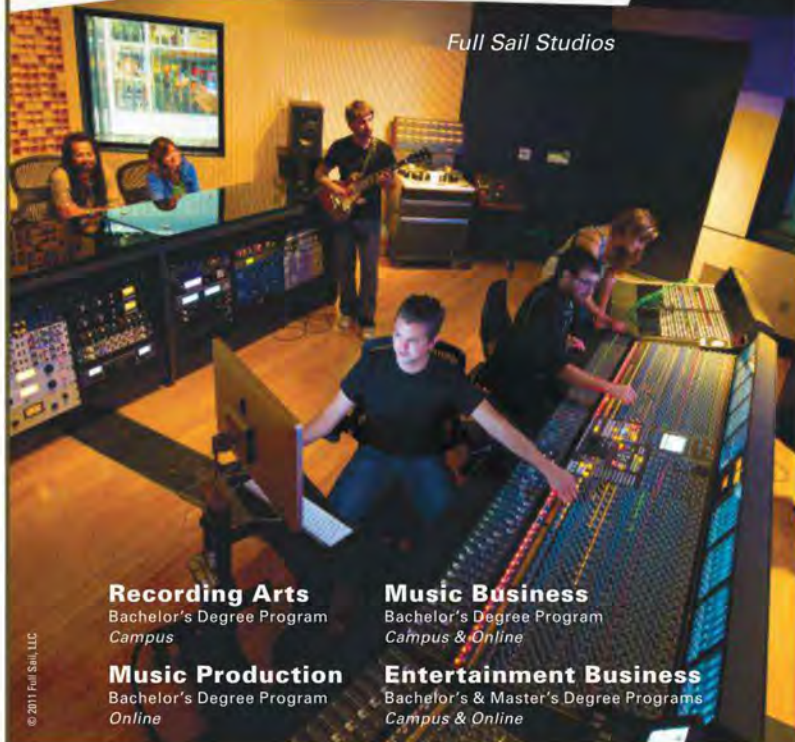
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MOVIES

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**MORTAL
COMBAT**

Christian Bale's
Batman vs. Tom
Hardy's Bane



Chasing a Bat Out of Hell

Christopher Nolan ends his Batman trilogy with a brilliant and brooding *danse macabre*

The Dark Knight Rises

Christian Bale, Tom Hardy

Directed by Christopher Nolan

★★★★½

AUDIENCES WILL BE ARGUING forever about director Christopher Nolan's caper to his Batman trilogy. Want to bitch? Start with the reactionary politics and that franchise-feeder of an ending. But the sheer scope of Nolan's vision – with emotion and spectacle thundering across the screen – is staggering. *The Dark Knight Rises* is the King Daddy of summer movie epics. For nearly three hours, Nolan juggles themes that took root in 2005's *Batman Begins* and reached doomsday perfection in 2008's *The Dark Knight* with the late Heath Ledger's masterful, Oscar-winning performance as the Joker.

The director and his co-screenwriter, brother Jonathan Nolan, pick up the story eight years after Batman (Christian Bale) took the rap for DA Har-

vey Dent. It was Dent who died going psycho as the evil Two-Face, but Commissioner Gordon (the reliably superb Gary Oldman) persuaded Batman to take the blame as an impetus for severe new crime laws in Gotham. This new era of crime-busting is built on lies, which is hell on Batman's alter ego, playboy Bruce Wayne, who's been living like a hermit in luxury – all his bat toys banished.

The final chapter in the *Dark Knight* saga allows Bale to move deeply into Bruce/Batman's troubled soul.

Bale, up to every challenge in a tough role, gives a hypnotic, haunting performance.

What brings Batman out of his shell and back into his bat suit? It starts with his attraction to Selina Kyle (Anne Hathaway), a cat burglar who teases Bruce wickedly while hiding a secret agenda. Hathaway – sexy, scrappy and fast

with put-downs – is dynamite as Catwoman, bringing welcome humor to a movie about to be enveloped in darkness.

And no one is darker than Bane (Tom Hardy), a battering ram of a villain, his face covered by a grille that feeds him



Bale,
Hathaway

medicine to alleviate pain he's suffered from childhood. Hardy's face is covered for 99.9 percent of the film, but his physical and vocal performance is riveting. It's Bane who initiates the attack against Gotham and the stock exchange. Is Nolan equating the legit protest of Occupy Wall Street with Bane's terrorism? You be the judge.

There's no denying the visual pow of the film, more than half of which was shot with IMAX cameras. From the opening skyjacking to the blowing up of a football field and a nerve-shattering prison break, the film shakes you hard and often.

Bruce/Batman finds support in butler Alfred (Michael Caine) and Lucius Fox (Morgan Freeman), who builds all those wonderful bat gadgets. And beautiful philanthropist Miranda Tate (the remarkable Marion Cotillard) and idealistic young cop John Blake (a sensationally good Joseph Gordon-Levitt) spring surprises no one sees coming. I can't say more without spoilers, but a refresher in *Batman Begins*, the League of Shadows and evil genius Ra's al Ghul really helps. Otherwise, just let *The Dark Knight Rises* propel you into Nolan's carefully wrought maze. You may have to fight yourself out. But a movie this potent and provocative is well worth the battle.

Killer Joe

Matthew McConaughey

Directed by William Friedkin

★★★

AS A SADISTIC DALLAS COP WHO moonlights as a hit man, Matthew McConaughey is on fire in *Killer Joe*, fierce and ferociously funny. In fact, the Texas-born McConaughey, 42, has been blazing since he stopped spewing rom-com swill to do *The Lincoln Lawyer*. Since then, he's etched a strong character portrait as a prosecutor in *Bernie*, shaken up Cannes as a gay reporter in *The Paperboy* and delivered a showstopping, Oscar-caliber turn as an aging stripper in *Magic Mike*.

In *Killer Joe*, the first play written by Tracy Letts (a Pulitzer winner for *August: Osage County*), McConaughey oozes good-old-boy charm and coiled menace. He owns the movie, which William Friedkin directs with the same hothouse intensity he brought to the 2006 film of Letts' play *Bug*.

That intensity, violent and sexual, may have prudes bolting for the exits as Joe mixes it up with trailer trash. Emile Hirsch excels as Chris, who hires Joe to kill his mom. Sweet. The insurance will pay off his \$6,000 gambling debt. Chris gets no help from his dim-bulb dad, Ansel (Thomas Haden Church), and Dad's new wife, Sharla (Gina Gershon, a study in lurid), who answers doors not topless but bottomless. Since Chris can't pay Joe, the lawman offers a trade for Chris' virginal sister, Dottie (a terrific Juno Temple). Friedkin catches the dark humor of the piece, but excess brutality gets the better of him and the movie, es-

HARD TIMES
Hirsch hires killer
McConaughey.



pecially the wince-inducing pain Joe doles out to Sharla (you'll never look at a drumstick the same way again). Even when the film goes too far over the top to be saved, McConaughey mesmerizes.

The Imposter

Frédéric Bourdin

Directed by Bart Layton

★★★

DON'T LET PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY ANNOYING critics, tell you too much about this true story that plays like a gripping psychological thriller. The facts are these: Nicholas Barclay, 13, went missing from his Texas home in 1994. Nearly four years later, Frédéric Bourdin, 23, shows up in Spain claiming to be Nicholas. So begins a story that nearly takes your head off with a series of amazements. British director Bart Layton combines interviews with Barclay family members and dramatic re-enactments to create a movie that offers hard speculation and harder truths. You won't be able to get it out of your head.

Nora Ephron

1941-2012

At a July memorial service in Manhattan for Nora Ephron, who was uniquely smart, sharp and funny in everything she did - be it writing, directing, blogging or chatting on the street if you were lucky enough to run into her - Meryl Streep was angry. "It's really stupid to be mad at someone who dies," said Streep. "But I have managed it."

Streep had a point. She and many in Ephron's circle didn't know their friend was battling leukemia. They wanted to reach out, like Nora did for them. If you knew her only casually, as I did, Nora was in your life. Though she had the infuriating habit of cutting her meals into tiny pieces, Nora the foodie would always steer you to the right restaurant. Advice? She'd tell me not to be so hard on Sandra Bullock (Nora loved *The Proposal*) and how to end a fight with my wife (admit I was wrong), and then send handwritten notes tangy and touching enough to save (I have three). Nora could be tough. She could write scripts about



Ephron
in 2009

social injustice (*Silkwood*) or about how sex hobbles friendship (*When Harry Met Sally...*) or a painfully personal book (*Heartburn*) about her second husband's infidelity. But in the movies she directed, from *Sleepless in Seattle* to *Julie & Julia*, with Streep and Stanley Tucci deftly playing out Nora's idea of an ideal marriage, she was a pure romantic. She never lost her edge, so the sentiment went down easy. It felt real. Like Nora, who ended every conversation with a toothy smile that mixed sunshine with mischief. At her best, in art and life, she showed us how to live.

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CHARTS

iTunes TOP 10 SONGS

- Katy Perry**
"Wide Awake" Parlophone/Capitol
- Carly Rae Jepsen**
"Call Me Maybe" Schoolboy/Interscope
- Maroon 5**
"Payphone" A&M/Octone
- Flo Rida**
"Whistle" Poe Boy/Atlantic
- David Guetta**
"Titanium" Capitol
- Owl City and Carly Rae Jepsen**
"Good Time" Universal Republic
- Ellie Goulding**
"Lights" Cherrytree/Interscope
- Gotye**
"Somebody That I Used to Know" Samples 'N' Seconds/Fairfax
- Usher**
"Scream" RCA
- Rihanna**
"Where Have You Been" SRP/Def Jam

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COLLEGE RADIO TOP 10 SONGS

- Hot Chip**
"In Our Heads" Domino
- Metric**
"Synthetica" Mom + Pop/MMI
- Liars**
"WIXIW" Mute
- Ty Segall Band**
"Slaughterhouse" in the Red
- Fiona Apple**
"The Idler Wheel..." Epic
- Japandroids**
"Celebration Rock" Polyvinyl
- Guided by Voices**
"Class Clown Spots a UFO" GBV
- The Tallest Man on Earth**
"There's No Leaving Now" Dead Oceans
- The Walkmen**
"Heaven" Fat Possum
- Beachwood Sparks**
"The Tarnished Gold" Sub Pop

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From the Vault

RS 901, July 25th, 2002

TOP 10 SINGLES

- Nelly**
"Hot in Herre" Fo' Reel/Universal
- Eminem**
"Without Me" Web/Aftermath/Interscope
- Avril Lavigne**
"Complicated" Arista
- Chad Kroeger**
"Hero" Columbia/Roadrunner
- P. Diddy**
"I Need a Girl (Part Two)" Bad Boy/Arista
- Cam'ron**
"Oh Boy" Roc-a-Fella/Def Jam
- Jimmy Eat World**
"The Middle" Dreamworks
- Nelly**
"Dilemma" Fo' Reel/Universal
- Vanessa Carlton**
"A Thousand Miles" A&M/Interscope
- Jennifer Lopez**
"I'm Gonna Be Alright" Epic



On the Cover

"I know I'm the flavor of the month. I know I'm this year's version of Roseanne Barr. I know the bubble will burst, and I'm going to be yesterday's news. But I'm not letting any of this get in the way of my music. I can still rock like a son of a bitch."

—Ozzy Osbourne

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Top 40 Albums

- Chris Brown**
Fortune RCA
- Katy Perry**
Teenage Dream Parlophone/Capitol
- Justin Bieber**
Believe RBMG/Schoolboy/Island
- Maroon 5**
Overexposed A&M/Octone
- Linkin Park**
Living Things Machine Shop
- Gotye**
Making Mirrors Samples 'N' Seconds/Fairfax
- fun.**
Some Nights Fueled by Ramen
- Kenny Chesney**
Welcome to the Fishbowl Blue Chair/Columbia (Nashville)
- Adele**
21 XL/Columbia
- The Black Keys**
El Camino Nonesuch
- One Direction**
Up All Night Syco/Columbia
- Maybach Music Group Presents: Self Made 2**
Various Artists Maybach/Def Jam
- Jason Mraz**
Love Is a Four Letter Word Atlantic
- Flo Rida**
Wild Ones Poe Boy/Atlantic
- Usher**
Looking 4 Myself RCA
- Of Monsters and Men**
My Head Is an Animal Universal Republic
- The Lumineers**
The Lumineers Dualtone
- Florence and the Machine**
Ceremonials Universal Republic
- R. Kelly**
Write Me Back RCA
- Rock of Ages**
Soundtrack Watertower
- Ellie Goulding**
Lights Cherrytree/Interscope
- Lionel Richie**
Tuskegee Mercury Nashville
- Regina Spektor**
What We Saw From the Cheap Seats Sire
- Luke Bryan**
Tailgates & Tanlines Capitol Nashville
- Phillip Phillips**
American Idol: Season 11: Highlights (EP) 19/Interscope
- B.o.B**
Strange Clouds RebelRock/Grand Hustle/Atlantic
- Lana Del Rey**
Born to Die Polydor/Interscope
- The Beach Boys**
That's Why God Made the Radio Brother/Capitol
- NOW 42**
Various Artists Universal/EMI/Sony Music
- The Wanted**
The Wanted Global Talent/Mercury
- Fiona Apple**
The Idler Wheel... Epic
- Hillson**
Live: Cornerstone Hillson/Sparrow
- Let It Shine**
Soundtrack Walt Disney
- Drake**
Take Care Young Money/Cash Money
- Carrie Underwood**
Blown Away 19/Arista Nashville
- Kimbra**
Vows Warner Bros.
- Eric Church**
Chief EMI Nashville
- Bonnie Raitt**
Slipstream Redwing
- Beach House**
Bloom Sub Pop
- Alan Jackson**
Thirty Miles West ACR



Wheel of Fortune

Even without a hit single, Brown's new LP debuted at Number One, selling 270,000 copies - about half of what last year's F.A.M.E. did.



Dream Weaver

Perry's Teenage Dream jumped 19 spots, in some measure due to her new 3D film Part of Me - and because Amazon included it in a 99-cent sale.



I'm a Belieber

Bieber shows off a deeper voice and edgier beats on his new LP, which sold an impressive 559,000 copies in its first three weeks on shelves.



Hey Ho, Let's Go

Sales of the Lumineers' debut LP have surged since the Denver folk trio's "Ho Hey" appeared in a Bing ad in June. They've moved 125,846 units so far.

00 Chart position on July 11th, 2012

00 Chart position on July 4th, 2012

NEW New Entry ↑ Greatest Gainer
2ND Re-Entry

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I LIKE EATING
A LITTLE BIT
BETTER.



I ALSO LIKE
EATING A LOT



BIT DELICIOUSER.



DELICIOUSNESS
FOR ALL™

*40 g whole grains recommended per day. SunChips® contain 140 calories, 6 g fat & 120-200 mg sodium per serving.

18 g of whole grains per serving*

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